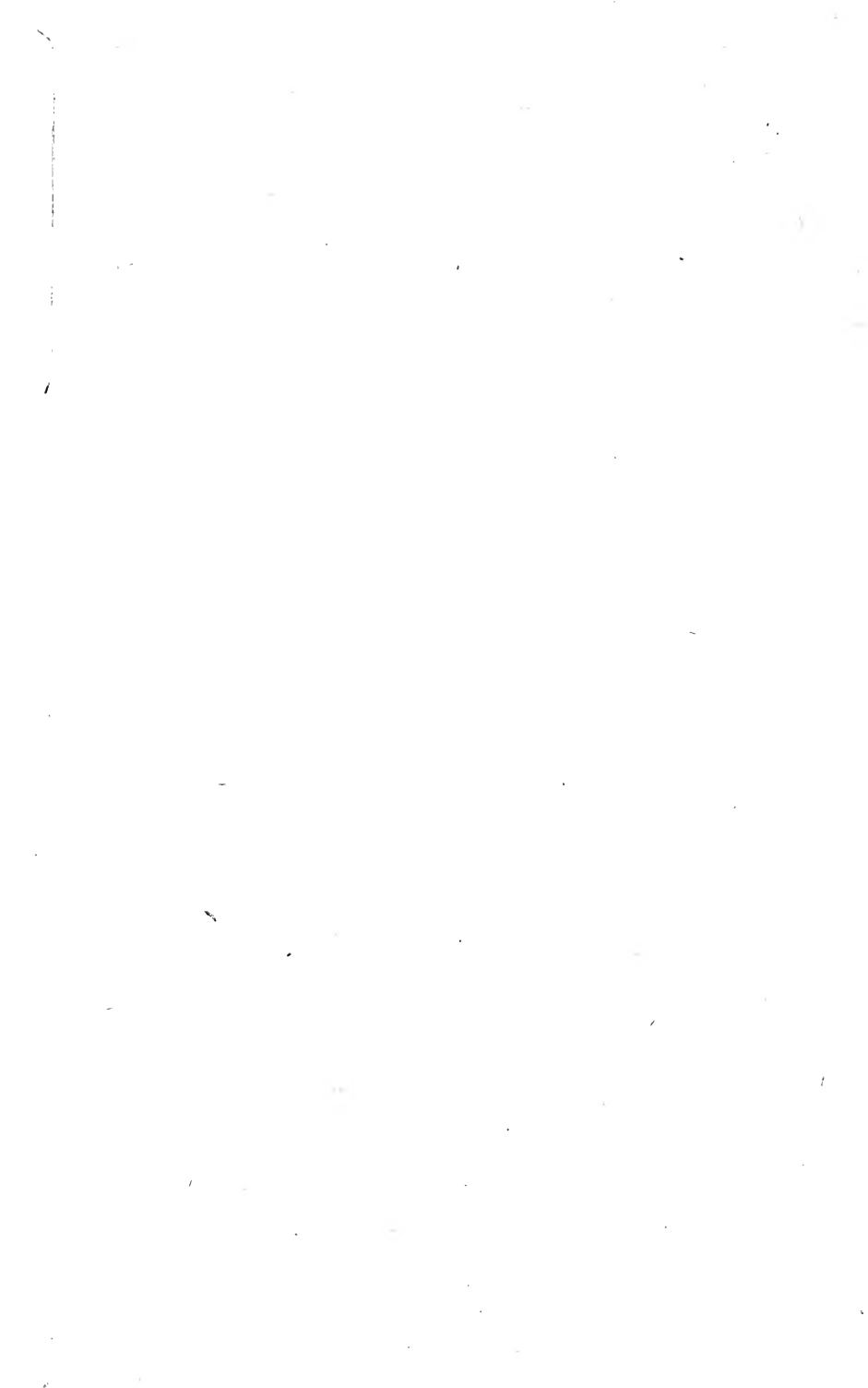




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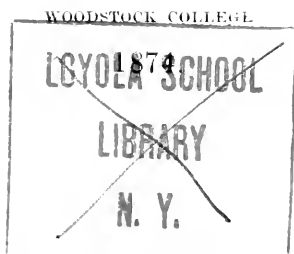
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AN
HISTORICAL SKETCH
OF
THE MISSION OF NEW YORK AND CANADA.

About fourteen years after the happy day on which Pius VII. reestablished our least Society of Jesus, the Right Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, Bishop of Bardstown, ever on the watch for new means of promoting God's glory in his vast diocese, solicited from Very Rev. Fr. Godinot, then Provincial of France, some missionaries to gather in the rich harvest of souls that lay, already ripe for the sickle, amid the green prairies of Kentucky.

As an earnest of his eagerness to welcome the fathers, he offered his own college of St. Joseph, in Bardstown, to be placed at their disposal. But at that time our apostolic laborers were unable to meet all the demands upon their charity even in their own country; so that, although it

must have gladdened the heart of our Very Rev. Father Provincial to behold a new vista unfolding itself before the reestablished Society, in that land to which the old Society, in virtue of its martyred sons, had acquired so just a right; still, not a single harvester could be spared for these distant fields of America. The bursting crops could but bow their heads in humble submission to the Master's will, and abide the predestined moment of its due accomplishment. It came sooner than could have been expected. The Almighty who, in His providence, transfers the gift of Faith from a nation that has become unworthy of the precious deposit, to one more deserving, had already turned his benignant countenance towards that portion of America, hitherto less favored than many other parts of our continent; had heard its suppliant "*Rorate Cœli desuper,*" and destined for these fields of the New World, many of the Apostles whom the Old World was on the point of proscribing.

The Revolutionists of 1830 were not slow in their work of proscription; and the Omnipotent made use of their very impiety to further his own merciful designs. The storm that swept over France served to waft the richly-laden vessels of benediction that rode at anchor in its but lately peaceful waters, towards other ports, and other lands. America received its share of the blessings.

The new Provincial of France, Very Rev. Fr. Druilhet not unmindful of the application for missionaries made by Bishop Flaget, two years previous, and supposing that circumstances had remained unaltered in Bardstown, deemed it advisable, in the present state of affairs, to comply with the prelate's request. Fathers Chazelle, Ladavière and Petit, with the devoted brother Corne, were selected for this new mission; and having been kindly furnished with the means of defraying their expenses by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, they bade farewell to their friends, and their country, and sailed from Pauillac, near Bordeaux, Nov. 19th, 1830.

On the 5th of Jan., the eve of the Epiphany, the island of Guadaloupe hove in sight. Here the ship cast anchor, and our fathers once more gladly trod the earth, having been almost two months at sea. The following day, Rev. Fr. Chazelle had the happiness of opening his new career by preaching, at the request of the parish priest, on Christ's manifestation to the Gentiles. But the regions to which he and his little band were to bring the good tidings of the gospel were still far distant; so they reembarked without delay. Fifteen days more on the waves brought them to New Orleans, the terminus of their journey by sea. There still remained upwards of 1600 miles of overland travel, before they could reach Kentucky; but as the season

was far advanced, and the rivers closed to navigation for the season, they were forced to tarry two months in New Orleans. This delay they turned to the greater glory of God: Rev. Fr. Chazelle flew to the prison cells of some slaves condemned to death, accompanied them with words of hope and consolation to the place of execution, and then devoted himself to the work of teaching catechism to the little children. The other Fathers were likewise employed in spiritual works of mercy.

Meantime Rev. Fr. Chazelle had written to acquaint Bishop Flaget with their arrival. The letter fell as a thunderbolt on His Lordship, as well as on the priests of his diocese: for when, in 1828, the saintly prelate had found it impossible to obtain any members of the Society, for the management of his college, he had handed it over to the secular clergy. His astonishment then, at seeing the Fathers present themselves to enter upon the discharge of their anticipated duties, was equalled only by the amazement of the Fathers themselves, when they learned that these duties were already fulfilled by others who looked on them almost as intruders. The Bishop scarcely knew what answer to give to Rev. Father Chazelle's letter; still he expressed a hope of finding some work in his diocese for the missionaries; and encouraged by the prelate's reply, Fr. Chazelle set out with Fr. Petit, leaving the rest of the little colony still at New Orleans.

Had naught been consulted but the good Bishop's love for the Society, there would not have been a moment's hesitation or delay ; but as matters actually stood, the saintly prelate was at a loss how to act. To send back the Fathers after they had been so ardently longed for ; when, after so many dangers, they were actually on the field, and on all sides the rich harvest was waving in the breeze, as if beckoning to them not to pass by : this he could not bring himself to do, and yet it was impossible to give them now what he had before intended.

The Bishop was too truly a man of God, (*insignis pietatis*, says the MS.) to doubt, after the first moments of surprise were over, whither he should look for light in his perplexity. The wings of prayer bore him aloft to the throne of the Mighty Counsellor ; into Whose Paternal Bosom his doubts, and his troubles and his fears were poured with a filial confidence.

The more surely to obtain what he sought, he enlisted St. Ignatius in his cause, by beginning in concert with Rev. Fr. Chazelle a novena preparatory to the feast of our Holy Founder. It would indeed have been surprising, had the loving Father of all mankind turned a deaf ear to the prayers of these devoted pastors of souls, offered as they were by the hands of the soul-enamoured Ignatius. And in fact, the novena was not yet concluded, when the Bishop

received an unexpected and extraordinary letter from a priest of his diocese, the Rev. William Byrne, a man, for a long time, by no means friendly to the Society, and especially of late, greatly opposed to the entrance of our Fathers into Kentucky.

It would not be very difficult for us to imagine what the purport of the letter might have been, but God Almighty alone could have made it what it really was. Suffice it to say that the Rev. Mr. Byrne offered to the Fathers the College of St. Mary's which, on ground given him by the bishop, he had built, and for twelve years had been improving and beautifying. It was situated about ten miles from Bardstown, and had attached to it a farm of nearly 300 acres. No price was stipulated; no condition or restriction whatever laid upon the grant, save that Father Byrne should continue to preside over the institution in the name of our Fathers, until they would be in a condition to undertake its full management themselves.

Father Byrne's kind offer was immediately referred to Rome, but as delays were unavoidable, it was only on the 7th of July of the following year, 1832, that letters from Most Rev. Fr. Roothan announced his definitive approval of the acceptance of St. Mary's.

The little family, less numerous than that of St. Ignatius and his first companions, seemed hardly able to meet all the

wants of a college ; but, as in the still smaller family of Nazareth, Jesus was one of the number : with Him, all things were possible. The Fathers accordingly entered on the discharge of their new functions with all their energy. A kind providence was watching over them, and, one by one, new laborers joined them in the vineyard they were cultivating.

The first was Fr. Fouché, born in Paris, May 9th, 1789, and, at the time of which we speak, director of the Seminary of Bardstown. The second was Fr. Evremond Harisart, born in the same city, May 19th, 1792, and likewise superior of a Seminary. They had both gone through a spiritual retreat, under Rev. Fr. Chazelle, the preceding year ; and the result was but a repetition of the first victory of the Exercises, three hundred years ago. It was the same inspired book of the Exercises that was doing its work over again.

As our nascent mission could not then boast of a house of probation, the Province of Maryland, our elder sister, kindly placed at our disposal its Novitiate at Whitmarsh. Fr. Evremond was accordingly received within its friendly enclosure and began his noviceship at once. Fr. Fouché could not succeed in resigning his post in the Bardstown Seminary before September of the following year ; and as our Most Rev. Fr. General had, by that time, decided that

a Novitiate should be opened in Kentucky itself, under Rev. Fr. Chazelle as Master of Novices, Fr. Evremond bade adieu to Whitemarsh, and with many fond recollections of his first home lingering in his heart, joined Fr. Fouché at St. Mary's. Thus it was that the first two novices of our mission exchanged their lofty stations for the humble life of the Novitiate.

The 22nd of December, 1832, though astronomically one of those days on which the rays of the sun are most chary of their gladdening visits to our earth, was more than usually blithesome and sun-bright for our little family at St. Mary's; announcing, as it did, the arrival of three more Fathers from Europe. France had already sent her missionaries to the forests of Kentucky, and, this time, Spain, Italy and Switzerland furnished their quota. Not that the newcomers were natives of these parts of the globe, for Fr. Maguire was born in Ireland, and Fathers Gilles and Legouais in France, but they were actually laboring in these several countries, and these countries it was that made the sacrifice for the good of America.

With what heartfelt emotions Rev. Fr. Chazelle must have pressed to his bosom these brothers from the Old World, those alone who have left country, and family and home for Christ's sake can imagine. A day or two was allotted to repose after the fatigues of the journey, and then

the five co-laborers entered on the regular life of the Society with all the punctuality and exactness observed in the oldest house in Europe.

The first need that made itself felt was a knowledge of the English tongue; and accordingly, all who were deficient in this respect, gave themselves up to the study of the language of the country, with incredible ardor: FF. Fouché and Evremond acting as professors of English literature to Fathers Gilles and Legouais. So really heroic was their desire to advance in their studies, that, as we find recorded in the MS. diary of those days, it was strictly forbidden to say a single word in French; and this generous sacrifice of what is so dear to everyone, the sweet music of his native tongue, was offered, as a pleasing holocaust to Mary, during her lovely month of May.

Hitherto some of the members of our mission had never met, but on the 13th of May, 1833, those Fathers who had remained, as we have seen, at New Orleans, aiding the good Bishop of that diocese, joined their companions in Kentucky. Thus, for the first time, "*sine quidem humano,*" says the MS., "*non autem absque divino consilio,*" all the FF. of the French Province, then in America, with the exception of Father de Grivel, who filled the office of Master of Novices in the Province of Maryland, met together, in their common home, to the number of eight: "*cum in-*

genti sane omnium gaudio, et mutua gratulatione." We are fain to believe that, if the edict expelling the French language from the community had not yet been repealed, the exile was recalled from his banishment, at least for a few hours; hours so swift-footed on such an occasion.*

We have dwelt thus at length on the infancy of our mission, for the reason that there is always something sweetly attractive in tracing out the first beginnings of even the least of God's works; and because the halo of sanctity invariably encircles all pioneers on a new field of God's glory.

We have even overstepped a little the actual date, at which our sketch has now arrived, in order to display at

* The aged Fathers of our mission divide its history into three distinct periods: the *Heroic*, or *Fabulous*, the *Pre-Historic*, and the *Historic proper*. Thus far we have been treating of the Fabulous times, slightly encroaching, however, on the era that begins to be dimly historical. The appellation given to the first period could not be more appropriate, for, the MS. diary bears testimony to facts which, in our days, seem fabulous indeed. How the students, not a hundred in number, could be boarded and taught at the annual rate of \$60 each:—How turkeys were one of the cheapest articles of food to be found: twenty-five cents being sufficient to procure from any neighboring cabin a beautiful specimen already dressed, cooked and fit for the table:—How the receipts for tuition were seldom deposited in the hands of the treasurer, but driven by the farmer, into the barn-yard, in the shape of well-fed porkers, or else poured into the milk cans of the dairy.

The peculiar sort of book-keeping requisite in such circumstances, was perhaps, more complicated than ordinary Double Entry; and the disposal of the live-stock was not unfrequently the great event of the day. Thus, the only item of information we find recorded for Nov. 30th, 1833, is the terse, but fearfully significant sentence! "porcis plurimis dies fatalis;" and this fatal day, was probably of no rare occurrence in the domestic economy of St. Mary's.

once all the beauties of this picture of religious peace and happiness, lest the coming storm-clouds should prevent our noticing some of its less salient, but no less charming traits. Though, in very deed, the storm-clouds themselves form the most natural feature in every picture of the Society ; and a scene in which no such signs of the continued prayers of Ignatius would be visible, either actually over the landscape, or already disappearing in the distance, or but just merging from the horizon, would be but a chilling prospect to every true son of our sainted Father : the finger of God would not be there. And of the three, perhaps the scene in which the storm is just appearing, is the most consoling ; for, the peaceful traits are still undisturbed, but, at the same time, the rising clouds are an earnest that our peace is not the false tranquillity of the world ; that it is a peace, not enervating, but strong and holy ; and one that by no means clashes with the sword Christ brought on earth.

How much soever the great ones of the earth may at times seem to favor us, it will never cease to be true, that the birthplace of the Society was the mount of Martyrs ; and that not one of its many colonies has belied our first home : not a single new province or mission has been founded, but has been blessed with its share of crosses, and consequent crowns. The first token of the coming storm was the advent of that messenger from above, that true scourge of

God, the cholera. This fearful epidemic had, the preceding year (1832), visited the shores of North America and harvested its victims by thousands, filling the land with mourning and desolation; but its work was not completed, and now it was once more on our shores, to glean what had escaped it before. Its approach was sudden: the first notice of its entrance into the immediate vicinity of our Fathers, was the cry for spiritual help from a woman attacked by the terrible plague, Monday, June 2nd, 1833. This was the moment, for devoted soldiers to fly to the post of danger; a moment which might prove the recompense of years of toil and privation, which might be the stepping stone to a martyr's crown. Yet (with the exception of one unacquainted with the language) not a priest was in the house, save Father Byrne; all our Fathers who were wont to betake themselves every Sunday, for the exercise of their ministry, to the neighboring villages, were still at their posts. But the zealous Father Byrne, though, in his feeble state of health, he might justly have feared to be, in the present case, the victim rather than the saviour, hesitated not an instant—he was beginning on earth a triduum of charity which he was to close in heaven. He visited the dying woman assiduously on the 3rd and 4th inst., but on the 5th, the eve of Corpus Christi, he read the smile of approval on his Master's countenance; he gazed for the last time on the

veiled body of his Saviour, and was then admitted to behold It face to face, to celebrate the Feast of that adorable Body in the abode of bliss. Nine hours had not elapsed between the first struggle and the crown. The Master had come suddenly, but he found his servant watching, the lamp of faith burning brightly in his hands; the garment of charity closely girt around him. The spot for his tomb was, by permission of the Bishop, chosen on the ground of the deceased; that amid the very fields on which he had toiled so long and with so much energy, and which he had, with noble disinterestedness, dedicated to God's glory, he might at last rest in peace. Father Byrne was by no means an old man, but he had lived for God, and

"Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures :
That life is long which answers life's great end."

Rev. Fr. Chazelle had to enter immediately on the full administration of the College. His first concern was to provide for the safety of the students, but they themselves soon rendered all further measures of precaution impossible. A panic seized numbers of them, who, the very moment Fr. Byrne's obsequies were concluded, without a thought of asking leave, forsook the college precincts. Of the refugees, some passed the night in the neighboring farm-houses; others, less favored, after losing their way, were forced to lie down on the hard ground, with no shelter above them

save the wide-spreading oak of the forest. Meanwhile the Fathers devoted themselves to their ministry untiringly, night and day. The calls upon their charity, whether by the plague-stricken, or those who only feared the approach of the epidemic, were so numerous, that the few laborers could scarcely respond to them all. Still, almost countless was the number of souls which this merciful visitation of the Almighty, Who loveth even while He chastiseth, gathered into the heavenly garner, and which, otherwise, would one day have been cast with the unprofitable cockle into eternal flames.

But God still demanded as a holocaust from our own number, one of the most useful of the little band—the price of Calvary's blessing on our future labors; at a moment, too, when every laborer was extending so strenuously the kingdom of God in the hearts of men: so little necessary for God's work, are even the most devoted.

The terrible devastator after carrying off two of the students who had remained, and one servant, came finally to Fr. Maguire. This zealous missionary felt that he had not long to live; he heard within him the call of death, and, piously avaricious, dreading the loss of the least particle of so precious a time, begged the assistants not to allow him to be overcome by lethargy, but to rouse him by frequent aspirations. Their task was a light one indeed—no

external monitor was necessary to inflame the dying servant of God: his heart allowed no thoughts but those of heaven to enter; his lips gave passage to no words save those of eternity. Before his senses failed him, he earnestly begged that his crucifix, his rosary and his book of rules should repose upon his bosom; that as they had been the objects of his love in life, they might be his solace in death; and it was his special request that all care should be taken, lest the Scapular of the Blessed Virgin which he had worn from infancy should by any chance be removed. An agony of excruciating intensity served to purify more and more the wedding garment of the departing soul; and as the holy religious had led a life of perfect obedience, so his last moments were the fulfilment to the letter of the recommendation of the Constitutions, (Pars VI. Cap. 4.) *In morte unusquisque de societate eniti et curare debet ut in ipso Deus ac Dominus noster Jesus Christus glorificetur et proximi ædificentur.* Fr. Maguire was only 33 years of age, and had been 8 years in the Society.

From the death bed of Fr. Maguire the holy viaticum was carried to the couch of Fr. L whose recovery no one expected; whilst about the same time, Fr. Fouché, busy with the dying at the neighboring village of Loretto, was suddenly prostrated by the disease. It seemed indeed as though our little bark would never be able to weather the

storm: one of the stalwart rowers had already been swept away; two more seemed about to share the same fate—and still the Divine Master slumbered. But the shadow that hung so darkly over us, was only that of the cross; the clouds that had gathered so tearfully and so threateningly around us, were of no deeper hue than those of Calvary—and Calvary had its Easter. Calvary saw the rising of its God—that God Who is ever able to inspire hope against hope.

At that very hour consolation was at hand, and though it seemed only a stray beam that had found its way between the dark masses of clouds, silvering for an instant all it met on its path to be followed next moment by a yet thicker darkness, still a long series of brighter days was not far off.

Fr. Fouché recovered after a week's illness; Fr. L . . . , though sustaining an attack of more than 12 days, was not so soon to be called to his rest; but was to be reserved for a long life of useful toil, becoming the spiritual Father of children unto the third and fourth generation.

The Cholera had disappeared, but God's chastening rod was still upraised. The 30th of December, 1833, was a memorable day in the early history of our mission. Father Chazelle had set out on horseback that afternoon to transact some business, intending to return before nightfall; but, as frequently happened to travellers in those days,

when roads were a luxury rarely met with, and when more depended on the instinct of the beast of burden than the intelligence of the rider, he lost his way^{*} in the forest, and night coming on, was forced to seek shelter in a stranger's cabin. Thus, says the pious MS., did Divine Providence spare the guardian of the house, the sight of the fearful disaster that was about to fall upon it: sweet sleep, after a day spent in fatigue for God's service, soon closing his heavy eyelids, while his flock was suffering so keenly for want of its shepherd. But the kind Master for whom he had toiled, took the place of the care-worn servant; the Great Shepherd kept watch over the fold, and no harm was to come to it but what He, in His providence, permitted.

The students had just finished their night prayers in the chapel, and were crossing the yard on their way to the dormitory, situated in an adjoining building, when, on a sudden, a huge column of flame burst forth from the very building which they were approaching. There was a moment's stand-still in utter amazement and awe. Fire! fire! were the first words that rang out from the mouth of every student, on the clear, cold air of that winter's night; and then followed the usual rushing of persons madly to and fro, according as each one thought of some cherished object that might still be snatched from the flames, or imagined some new means of stemming the burning torrent. But

no water was to be had—not even a ladder could be procured—and, especially, there was no one to direct the willing hands that were^{*} wasting their strength in efforts, unavailing because not united. And, all this time, poor Fr. Chazelle was quietly reposing, a few miles away, utterly unconscious of the dread visitor of his little home.

Some of the students' beds, and a number of books was all that was rescued from the flames: the entire building, save the four outside walls that still stood amid the wreck, had become a heap of ruins. The work of destruction was completed in half an hour; but the pang it caused was of far longer duration, and was the more deeply felt as the authors of the conflagration were, some time afterwards, discovered to be two or three unruly students, who through a motive of fiendish revenge, had coolly plotted this terrible crime.

The Fathers, however, did not murmur at this new visitation from on high; on the contrary they found matter for sincere thanksgiving in the fact that amid such confusion and danger, not a single person had been injured; and it was a sweetly consoling thought in their personal distress, that though they had lost one of their own dwellings, the house of their loving Saviour, the temple of God had been spared. In fact, when the conflagration was at its height, and it seemed evident that not a single one of the buildings

could escape, the wind had suddenly veered around in another direction.

During the whole time of the fire the students had given proofs of great devotedness and bravery, and though beds had been prepared for them in an adjoining building, but few cared to retire to rest. The greater number passed a wakeful night beside the still smoking ruins, and as they stood there, peering into the dying embers, their shadows cast darkly on the crisp ground behind them, manifold were their expressions of sincere condolence with their beloved instructors. But, at the same time, they could hardly have been able entirely to curb an undercurrent of less saddening reflections concerning themselves personally ; and although they would probably have been better pleased had a few more beds been spared, even at the price of all the rescued books ; they must have found a boyish consolation in the thought that many a hard puzzling lesson was deeper down in the heaps of smouldering ashes before them, than it had ever been able to penetrate into their less pervious skulls, and many a dog-eared volume was now paying in the flames the penalty of having so often racked young, innocent brains.

It was a fearful blow for poor Fr. Chazelle when the next morning at daybreak, he was found and informed of the dire catastrophe. He was not, however, disheartened : the

man who has placed his trust in heaven, earth's shocks can not overcome.

"Though tempest frowns,
Though nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heav'n;
To lean on Him on Whom Archangels lean!"

His first act was to have recourse to the Giver of all life and strength. This done, he held a consultation, and, at its close, informed the students that the first session was at an end; that studies would be resumed towards the middle of the coming month.

That evening, the last of the old year, the community as customary in the Society, intoned the *Te Deum* with grateful hearts, for the blessings of the past twelvemonth; and, after litanies, presented with filial love, to the head of the house their best wishes for the coming year. Rev. Fr. Chazelle in his turn, thanked them with an overflowing heart, and with paternal kindness, exhorted all not to be depressed by their present misfortunes, but to labor strenuously and with union of wills to endow their institution, already proved by so many trials, with all possible stability, according to the measure of God's grace. It was the same vein of thought as that in which, a few days later, he wrote to Very Rev. Fr. Provincial. "Trials," said he in his letter, "must be accounted as graces, especially in the Society. As long as God will be pleased to afflict us, we are far from being unhappy, provided His crosses find us true sons of our Father, St. Ignatius."

The indomitable spirit that animated the head, actuated, likewise, all the members ; and the work of repair was undertaken with ardor. Many of the students and neighbors imitated the example of the Fathers, who might be seen here collecting the scattered bricks, there hewing massive pieces of timber ; or, when the building was roofed, nailing laths to the joists, and, owing, no doubt, to the inferior quality of the iron, breaking vast quantities of nails, during this their first apprenticeship in the carpenter's trade.

Where none were idle, the work must needs have rapidly progressed ; and indeed, despite the asperity of the season, the very depth of winter, on the 23rd of January, the building was sufficiently repaired once more to receive the students.

Nothing of note, now disturbed the pleasant monotony of college life, previous to the 26th of July, 1834, the First Annual Commencement Day of St. Mary's College, since its full management had devolved on the Fathers. The exercises took place on a rustic stage erected under the shady trees that surrounded the house, and comprised, among other literary productions, a tragedy, composed by Rev. Fr. Chazelle, who, says his MS. biography, 'was convinced that to promote the glory of God in America, and in Kentucky, he must first become a real American, and a Kentuckian. The play was entitled "Redhawk," and was

designed to illustrate the ancient customs of the Indians, and the labors of the early American settlers: all turning to praise of Christianity. The bright costumes of the natives, in which the actors were arrayed, contributed not a little to the success of the drama.

Perhaps it was owing to these and other sincere tokens of love for America, exhibited by the Fathers, that a deep-rooted affection towards them gradually took the place, in the hearts of the people, of that feeling of suspicion and distrust with which they had first looked upon the members of the Society. But whatever may have given it rise, unequivocal proof that this affection really existed, was shown by a deputation from the citizens of the neighboring village of Lebanon, who waited on Rev. Fr. Chazelle, and offered to open a subscription for rebuilding the college on a much grander scale. The Father received them most affably and thanked them sincerely, regretting that he was unable to give them, at once, a definitive answer. The question was immediately referred to Rome, and after it had been agitated for a considerable time, and recourse to earnest prayer had been had on the part of all, it was finally brought to a close in 1836, when the foundations of the new wing were laid. During the years in which the building was in process of erection, the devout annalist informs us that God, in His fatherly providence so tempered the

bitter with the sweet, that although new trials came to prevent our fathers from being too much elated by prosperity, new joys succeeded lest they should be too much cast down by adversity; and this, in so loving and merciful a way, that the dark and troublous days were always outnumbered by those of sunshine and peace.

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NOTE—It will, no doubt, interest many readers of the "Letters" to peruse a page from the earliest Catalogue of France we have been able to procure, that makes mention of "Collegium Kentuckeense ad S. Mariam et convictus," ineunte MDCCCXXXVI.

- R. P. Petrus Chazelle, V. Rector.
P. Thomas Legouais, Minister, Magister Novitiorum, Prof. Math., etc.
P. Gulielmus Murphy, Professor, etc.
P. Nicolaus Petit, Primus præfectus morum, etc.
P. Nicolaus Point, Præfectus studiorum, etc.
P. Simon Fouche, Prof. Math.; præfectus morum, etc.
P. Xaverius (Evremond) Herissart, Prof. linguæ Græcae, etc.
P. Vitalis Gilles, Præfectus Spiritualis: Professor linguæ Gallicae, etc.
Philippus Corne, Ad omnia.
Philippus Ledore, Coquus.

Up to the period our sketch has now reached, St. Mary's enjoyed, only by privilege, the title of College ; but in 1836, after a sharp contest, in the Legislature, between our friends and our enemies, it received its charter as a University. This victory was, in great measure, due to the influence of Fr. Murphy, who had lately arrived in Kentucky, and who devoted himself unsparingly to promote the good of the College.

But it was not only by thus perfecting what our Fathers had already undertaken, that He for whom alone they toiled, gave His blessing to their unassuming labors : in His providence He destined for the little colony of St. Mary's a still wider, and far distant field of action. For it He reserved the honor of sending the first pioneers of the new Society to a land which had been crimsoned with some of the noblest blood of the old, to inherit the mantle which had fallen from a Brebeuf and a Lalemant, as they rose into Heaven amid the whirlwind of savage persecution, and to revive their spirit in the hearts of those who guarded so jealously the precious deposit of their glorious bodies.

Mgr. Bourget, the zealous and devoted Bishop of Montreal, ardently wishing to see the Society once more at work in its heavenly-appointed vineyard, invited Rev. Fr. Chazelle, in the year 1839, to conduct the annual ecclesiastical retreat for the priests of the diocese.

His presence awoke, throughout the whole of Canada, fond and saintly memories which long had slumbered. Forthwith, the brothers of those heroes that had died in blessing the land, and blessed the land in dying, were eagerly pressed to re-enter the country ; and no later than 1842 this new branch of our mission was founded. So desirous to see the Fathers at once established in his diocese was Mgr. Bourget, whose attachment to the Society has ever displayed itself in an unceasing solicitude for the welfare of its members, that he could not wait till a suitable building should be erected, but kindly interested in their behalf the pious Mr. Rodier, then a distinguished member of the Bar, but some years later the still more distinguished Mayor of Montreal. This worthy representative of genuine catholic charity declared to the Fathers that he would consider it a personal favor if they would accept half of his own house, to be their home as long as they wished. What was offered with such noble disinterestedness was received with heartfelt gratitude. As the spacious mansion had already been partitioned off into two, the Fathers soon after took possession of their quarters, and, on Sept. 9th, 1843, gave the habit of the Society to our first Canadian novice. This favored subject, in less than a month, gave, in his turn, the warm embrace of the Society to a fellow-novice, and both together, began the ascent of the rugged road of perfection,

helped by each other's example.* Of course, our ordinary means of subsistence were not, as yet, secured, but

"He, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,"

provided, no less bountifully, for the well-being of his servants. The alms of the faithful were abundant, and if want were occasionally felt, it served only to give zest to succeeding plenty. Such being the case it is hard to understand how it became noised abroad, through the city, that the fathers were dying of hunger. The rumor came to the ears of our best of friends, his Lordship, the Bishop, and grieved him to the heart. He started without delay for our residence, and calling for Fr. Luiset, the Master of novices, asked him, in a voice in which loving tenderness struggled with paternal severity, how he could have had so little confidence in him, as not to inform him of the straits to which the community was reduced. Fr. Luiset was at a loss for a reply :—a few moments however, cleared up the mystery ; the fears of the good Bishop were dispelled, and had he sat down with the community at the next meal, he would have been convinced, beyond the shadow of a doubt,

* Respect for the feelings of the living banished from the text the names of these first-fruits of the new Society in Canada ; but here in the foot-notes the desire to be useful to future annalists, allows us to mention, the names of Fr. Regnier, now "operarius" in Troy ; and of R. Fr. H. Hudon our kind Rector at St. Francis Xavier's.

of the want of foundation of the rumor, and seen, to his great satisfaction, that, owing to the charity of their friends, they were far from starving. Many more must have been the trials of paternal solicitude on the part of Monseigneur, and many too the pleasing incidents that occurred, during the year, when the quiet occupation of the Jesuit novices ran side by side with the already busy life of the future magistrate—church and state in such close and harmonious relations;—but, owing to our distance from the source of information, we are forced to leave the record of these facts, as well as the *heroic* days of our college of St. Mary's, in Montreal, to some of our more favored brothers of the North.* We, ourselves, however, still love to remember

* A little anecdote has been related to us, the artless simplicity of which is too charming to be lost. "Shortly after breakfast every day during the summer months," says one of the novices of those times, now a venerable Father, "the bell was rung for 'Manualia,' and at once we three novices repaired to our little garden, to dig potatoes for the community dinner. The task was almost Herculean, for the good brother charged with planting the potatoes had a favorite theory, based on what principle of horticulture he never told us, that the deeper they were sunk into the ground, the more plentiful would be the crop. Accordingly he had procured a stout pole, about six feet long, and, applying it somewhat after the manner of a modern pile-driver, had succeeded in burying the forlorn seedling as far out of sight as possible; trusting perhaps that their proximity to the central fires of the earth would keep them from freezing, should Spring, as was *sometimes* the case in those regions, prove rather backward; and the ice in the St. Lawrence refuse to forsake its adopted home till Summer was on its heels.

"The good brother took great delight in superintending the labors of the poor novices, and pointing out the exact spot in which his novel implement of husbandry had descended; and when any of us, having dug a

with what fatherly affection the venerable Mr. Rodier welcomed to his bountiful table, only a few years ago, all the novices from the Sault-au-Récollet; with what pleasure he spoke of the days when his house was our only novitiate, and assured us, with tears in his eyes, that they were the happiest of his life. May the eternal Father repay his charity a hundred fold:

The stranger and the poor by God are sent
And what to these we give, to God is lent.*

That hearts so loving and devoted as those of our generous friends really were, should crowd around the cradle of the Canada Mission, when, without them, it could not

ditch some three feet in depth and two in width without even the sign of a potato, would turn to him in despair, and, pointing to the small mountain beside us, monument of our labor, ask imploringly, 'how much farther down?' he would deliberately gauge, with his eye, the heap of clay at his feet, and then, in his most soothing voice reply, that we must be near them now; they could not be more than two feet deeper.

"Under such circumstances, you may imagine how great was our delight to see, on the other side of the low rail fence that divided the garden, good Mr. Rodier coming into his orchard. We were not disappointed: the first thing our kind neighbor would do, would be to shake down some of the largest and ripest apples that hung on his trees; then, leaning for a few seconds on our fence, he would exclaim: 'Pauvres freres, pauvres freres! Here, my children, you must be tired by this time; you have dug enough for this morning;' and with these words he would toss us the rosy-cheeked fruits. Oh! how pretty they looked, in comparison

* Homer says:

*Ἦρδ' ἄρ' ἰὼς εἰσὶν ἄπαντες
Ἔσθιοι τε πτωχοί τε.* Odys. VI. 208.

have long survived its birth, was owing, no doubt, in great measure, to the prayers of the saintly men who, at this time, successively filled the office of Master of Novices. The line began with Father Luiset, already mentioned, who, in fact, may be said to have taken actual possession of Canada in the name of the Society. In 1843, on the feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, the very day after his arrival at Montreal with some other Fathers from France, he preached, at the invitation of Monseigneur Bourget, in the grand cathedral, since destroyed by fire. He chose for his text the words of St. Paul: "In nomine Jesu omne genu flectatur, coelestium, terrestrium, et infernorum" (Phil. 2. 10.), and, by the strain after strain of fervid eloquence which he poured forth on the glories of the Redeemer, completely won the hearts of his vast audience.

The knowledge of Christ, and Him crucified, which the zealous missionary had unfolded to his hearers in the populous city, he afterwards diffused through the villages and hamlets for miles around, with so much unction and vigor as

with the spectral potatoes that had been haunting our minds so long. Fr. Master allowed us 'Deo Gratias,' and had given general permission to eat whatever Mr. Rodier might think proper to offer. The good brother was the only one that seemed crest-fallen at our leaving off when bushels of potatoes were so near. To console him, we would offer, with generous magnanimity, to the author of our woes, a share in our good fortunes; asking, in return, only one thing, that next Spring, when about to plant his potatoes, he would use a somewhat shorter pole for a spade."

to electrify those who came within reach of his burning words, and to cause all, priests and laity, actually to clamor for the entrance of the Fathers into their parishes.

From his apostolic journeys, in which he had scattered broadcast over an extensive portion of the Lord's vineyard, the fertile seed of the Divine Word, he returned to the secluded garden where bloomed the Almighty's flowers of predilection; to the care of these, few though they were, he devoted his unwearied attention. To his novices, Father Luiset displayed the same image of the Redeemer, that he had exhibited in the cities and the villages, and, as they were called to the perfect imitation of the divine Model, he descended into every detail, and showed by his solid conferences, and by the example of his daily life, how the spirit of the cross was to actuate their every thought, word and deed.

But nothing, perhaps, proved more conclusively that what he had so long preached was really from the abundance of the heart, and that the cross had struck deep roots therein, than his edifying conduct under the terrible affliction which, during the third year of his office as Master of Novices, God was pleased to send him. An operation performed by a celebrated oculist for the cure of some slight ailment of his eyes, resulted in total blindness for the rest of his life. This severe trial, far from wringing

from him the least complaint, only caused him to exclaim with patient Job: "If we have received good things at the hand of God, why should we not receive evil?" (Job. 2. 10.) He did not even yield to the subtile temptation that he would thenceforth be less able to work for God's glory, but assured that

"God doth not need
Either man's works, or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best,"*

he reposed with such perfect resignation on the divine will, that, though frequently pressed to make a novena for the recovery of his sight, he constantly refused, saying: "It is God's holy will I should be blind, and God's will is mine." The truth was, he scarcely looked upon his affliction as an evil at all, and, charmed at being no longer disturbed by the sight of created things, he centred his gaze more steadily than ever on the Creator, and drank in with fewer distractions the vision of his God.

But if the bodies of men had vanished, with the whole visible world, forever from his sight, their souls still appeared to him of priceless value, and such was his zeal to rescue these from Satan's power, that he easily overcame all the obstacles his blindness placed in his way. At the conclusion of his three years as Master of Novices, he was sent

* Milton—Ode on his blindness.

to Quebec, where he preached with his wonted fire. Such was his conviction of the responsibility of this apostolic duty, that he delivered no sermons but such as he had carefully written out before, and which he still remembered, or had read to him before ascending the pulpit. The clear sequence of ideas that runs through these sermons, some of which are still extant, the striking reflections they embody, and the beautiful language in which they are expressed, prove the thoughtful care and labor expended on their composition; while the glow of divine love that animates the whole, shows the man of prayer clothed with the learning of the scholar and the eloquence of the orator.

However, to do good to souls then, he no longer needed such preparation; for he had already preached most forcibly even before uttering one word of his prepared sermon, and all hearts were deeply moved by beholding the zealous old man still so vigorous, but obliged to be led by the hand to the foot of the pulpit, then slowly groping his way up the steps, and finally turning his sightless eyes on his audience, hushed in the deepest attention: no more efficacious exhortation could be given—to rejoice in the midst of affliction, and to kiss the hand that chastiseth.

After a year spent in Quebec he returned to the novitiate, in the capacity of Socius of the Master of Novices, and prevented from ascending the pulpit, as his superiors judged

it better for him not to preach any more by word of mouth, his zeal sought an outlet in his assiduous attendance in the confessional. His exactness to follow in this, as in all other respects, the least prescription of our holy rules, nay what he considered to be their spirit, even when the letter was silent amounted almost to scruple, and gave rise to the following amusing incident :

It was Fr. Luiset's custom to be at his post especially about 6 o'clock in the evening to receive men on their return from work. In summer, of course, it was light at that hour, but as winter came on, knowing it must then be getting dark he called one of the novices and bade him place a candle near the confessional, saying it was not becoming for one of ours to hear anyone's confession, in his room, after nightfall without a light. The young religious not quite yet as blind in his obedience, as the good father in his sight, was at a loss how to apply this to the case of the exact servant of God, and fearing some accident from fire, ran off in haste, as a true novice, to unbosom himself in his perplexity to Father Master. His spiritual Father smiling told him he might get the candle, take it unlit to the father's room and retire. The good novice did as directed and was leaving the room, when to his surprise, Fr. Luiset solemnly said : "Bring hither the candle and put it beside me." Prompt obedience this time on the part of

the novice, but still with a vague fear for the consequences. And well he might fear; for the precise old man, taking hold of the candlestick, deliberately ran his hand along the candle towards the wick. Fain would the trembling novice have lighted the taper, even at the eleventh hour; but the eleventh hour unfortunately was a very short one:—it was already over; Fr. Luiset had reached the top, and feeling no heat, turned sharply around on this remorse-stricken culprit and exclaimed with all his animation: “What! brother, is it possible you wish to deceive me! Have you no more respect for our holy rules?” The speechless novice suddenly felt as if he would just then like to unbosom himself again to Father Master and, with all possible haste flung out of the room.

Fr. Luiset’s unbounded respect for even the least rule, naturally led him to observe with extraordinary precision that continual mortification in all things, and that application to spiritual pursuits on which St. Ignatius so repeatedly insists. That this mortification extended itself to his refreshment of the body, and that even at his meals his spirit was far away from the earthly objects around him, the same novice had daily occasion to witness. Instead of going through some of the usual “experimenta” of our novitiates (which circumstances then rendered impossible) he was appointed to bring the blind father his breakfast,

and help him to what he might need. Whether the novice still felt a little chafed on the subject of the father's scrupulous exactitude, and was anxious to overcome a too natural impulse by a generous revenge, or whether, in reading the life of St. Ignatius, he had been more struck by that part which narrates the guileless tricks of Fr. Ribadineira on our Holy Founder, than by some other portions of the same life, we dare not decide; but certain it is that he observed with surprise how Fr. Luiset had prescribed to himself a very limited amount of daily food, and that this limit he never overstepped. The abstemious religious would cut the small slice of dry bread handed to him, into five or six still smaller squares, and then, seated at some distance from the table, would alternately, with one hand slowly raise to his mouth a spoonful of coffee, and with the other one of the morsels of bread: while, at each mouthful, he would turn his countenance towards heaven, whence every good gift descends. The charitable attendant thought with dismay on the sorry plight to which his own young fibres and ardent spirits would soon be reduced if allowed only so scanty a supply of "nitrogenous aliments;" and, convinced that such lenten diet was utterly insufficient to repair the daily waste of bone and sinew in the blind but vehement old man, he so far presumed on his charge's infirmity as, the moment one mouthful of bread disappeared, quietly to replace it by

another, and as the coffee gradually diminished in the cup, noiselessly to pour in some more.

The unsuspecting Father, who was always very exact in eating whatever he had cut for himself, and sipping his coffee, spoonful after spoonful, till all was gone, kept on at his meal, as usual, wholly occupied with other thoughts. Perhaps even then he was reflecting on the miraculous multiplication of the loaves and fishes; but if so, his mind was so intent on the goodness of God in this miracle as to take no notice of the present multiplication of bread and coffee, by which he was, so unwittingly, being benefitted. At last, however, through sheer fatigue at raising the spoon to his lips so much oftener than usual, he turned quietly to his kind-hearted attendant, and remarked: "*Cette tasse est bien grande, mon frère.*" The novice did not attempt to deny the fact, but was warned by this how far he could go in his charitable fraud without awakening suspicion: and so frequently did he ever after (with permission of the Master of Novices) regulate his perpetual miracle, that he had time to see the poor blind Father actually thriving under his treatment.

Father Luiset continued to edify the Novices by his exact observance of the rules, and his spirit of mortification till his death in 1855, at the age of 67.

The second equally saintly man to whose prayers and holy life the early days of the Canada Mission owed so many heavenly blessings was Father George Schneider, who had succeeded Fr. Luiset as Master of Novices, in 1848. Unable, for want of space, to dwell at any length on the life of this fervent religious, we give, in a word, its correct epitome when we say that it was one continued act of devotion to St. Joseph, and of unbounded confidence in this holy Patriarch, repaid by countless favors of all kinds. Were we deficient in example to prove that St. Joseph is the same as in the past to those that fly to him, the example of this devout Father alone would be sufficient.

He first entrusted to this holy Patriarch the care of the whole house, even down to the pantry itself; and from the manner in which the faithful steward discharged this last part of his commission we may judge how he fulfilled the rest. Occasionally indeed instead of the expected sound of the breakfast-bell the silvery voice of Fr. Schneider would greet the ears of the novices, as he stepped into their room, and told them, with a smile, that although they had not yet taken a vow of poverty, the Almighty was pleased to try them a little on the score of that virtue even then; that they would have to wait a while for breakfast, as there was not a mouthful to eat in the house: but that it would not be long; St. Joseph had never failed them yet. On

such occasions, the good novices were only too glad to suffer something in view of their future vow, and with perhaps a short invocation to St. Joseph that he would not tarry *too* long, cheerfully resumed their mental repast, while awaiting that which was to refresh the body. Fr. Schneider had spoken truly: they had not to wait long; for never, no, not once, during all the years he was Master of Novices, did an hour pass ere it came from some one, often they knew not from whom, a supply of provisions sufficient for the community.

Having thus secured, forever, food for his novices, the next step was to procure novices. Fr. Schneider had seen with deep concern how few vocations had as yet developed, since the arrival of the Fathers in Montreal, and looking with anxiety to the future, he referred the matter to his heavenly counsellor. The result was a recommendation to the novices to unite with Fr. Master, during the nine days preceding the feast of St. Joseph, in a fervent novena for the obtaining of new members. The effect of this appeal to the holy Patriarch was almost miraculous; for whereas, previously, only two or three scholastic novices had been received each year, after the novena four or five begged admittance into the Society before the month was over, and during the following month the number ran up to eight. Ever since then the novitiate has received a very fair yearly

increase, and of late years, after a general novena to the same heavenly Procurator, made by order of Rev. Father Bapst, in all the houses of the mission, a most extraordinary supply of new members.

Fr. Schneider knowing that he was far from having exhausted St. Joseph's liberality, was, on his part, far from desisting in his petitions. He had obtained food and subjects; there was still wanting a novitiate. To build this he had not a single dollar, and, moreover, knew not where to find one; but his generous Treasurer knew where they could be had in abundance. Permission to begin the building had been refused until enough money had been collected to cover all expenses. Fr. Schneider starts for Quebec, on a mission of some weeks' duration; returns at the end of that time with the required amount. The year 1853 saw the completion of the large Novitiate at Sault-au-Récollet, about eight miles from Montreal; and Father Schneider, through gratitude towards its heavenly Founder, and to secure its future prosperity, placed it under his invocation. The novices had about a year before left the home where they had been so charitably sheltered for so many years, and, calling down many blessings upon their benefactors, taken up their abode in St. Mary's College, which had been in successful operation since Sept. 20th, 1848. Now that their own home was ready to receive them, they re-

paired with joy from the crowded city to their peaceful retreat amid the fields.

These favors, great though they were, were far from being all that Fr. Schneider owed to his glorious Patron. The devout religious saw with deep grief the seminary of some Protestant sect just in front of our first novitiate, and remarked that it was a pity to have the work of Satan in such close proximity to the work of God. He complained of it to St. Joseph, during the month of March, the period of the year when all his special requests were made ; the month was hardly over, when the building was sold, at a great bargain to the Catholics, and became St. Patrick's Hospital. In later years, he set his heart on obtaining a certain piece of ground, near our College in Montreal, to build thereon a church in honor of the Sacred Heart. He prayed to St. Joseph, and that very piece of ground was presented to him by one of our kind benefactors. He often had obdurate sinners to convert : he entrusted their conversion to St. Joseph, and such was his certainty of success that, on one occasion, speaking of one of them, he exclaimed with sudden animation : "He is mine to-night."

This short account of Fr. Schneider's devotion to St. Joseph and of a few of the favors with which it was rewarded, forestalls all necessity of adding a word about his sanctity. St Theresa tells us in her autobiography, that

she never knew anyone who had a true devotion to St. Joseph, who was not advanced by it in virtue. Now if such be the case, as it most undoubtedly is, we may easily imagine what a height of perfection Father Schneider attained, when his whole life was impregnated with so constant and so filial a devotion to the foster father of Sanctity itself. St. Joseph who had been his consoler in life, smoothed likewise his passage to eternity: and Fr. Schneider's death in 1868 was, like that of the Faithful Servant himself, the bright dawn of eternal day.

Not to sever the cord of triple strand, of charity on the one side, and of zeal and gratitude on the other, that linked the early days of the Canada Mission one with the other, and bound them all to Rev. Father Chazelle, we have considerably outrun our dates. When most of these results just described were actually realized, this indefatigable laborer had already been called to his rest. He had returned to Kentucky, in October, 1839, and was, the following year, succeeded in his double office of Superior and President of St. Mary's by Rev. Fr. W. Murphy. Soon afterwards he departed on matters of business for Rome, and returned again to the country of his adoption as Superior of the little band of missionaries, including Fathers Tellier, F. Martin, D. Duranquet, Luiset and three lay brothers, which, at the request of Mgr. Bourget left Europe in 1842 for the

Canada branch of our mission, and was occupied, prior to the erection of St. Mary's College, in our residence of the Assumption at Sandwich, and of St. Francis Xavier, at La Prairie.

As Rev. Father Chazelle now ceases to figure in our sketch, we cannot dismiss his name without a few words on the death of this saintly religious, the father of our mission. In the Summer of 1845, Very Rev. Fr. Boulanger, and his companion, Rev. Fr. Hus, extended their visit to the Indian Missions of Upper Canada.

The good missionaries in these regions, deprived in great measure of the community-life of the Society, and almost perfect strangers to those family joys it knows so well how to foster, had looked forward with unbounded delight to this visit, as to the dawn of a new era for their apostolic labors. A letter written some months later by Fr. P. Point, says that when they actually saw among them these representatives of the head of the Society, they gave themselves up unreservedly to the joys of the present and hopes of the future. But it adds: "Will not, perhaps these last prove an illusion? For we are not wont, we children of St. Ignatius, long to bask in the sunshine." The good Father was right in his apprehensions, and this very letter was to bring to V. R. F. Boulanger the first news of the sickness and death of him on whom most of their hopes for the future were based.

At the conclusion of the visit it was determined to push the labors of the Society more to the North-West, and revive if possible the old settlements of our first Fathers in the vicinity of Sault Ste. Marie. Fr. Chazelle was deputed to visit that part of the country, and to decide on the possibility of founding a residence there to be the nucleus of future missionary labors through the surrounding country.

On the 8th of August, full of joy at the prospect of opening a new field for God's glory, Fr. Chazelle started for Detroit, where he was to take the steamboat for Mackinaw, and there find another which would carry him to the Sault. Having arrived at Mackinaw, he found no vessel ready to start, so he travelled on as far as Green Bay to see if it might not be possible to start a permanent residence among the tribes bordering on the *Rivière du Loup*—a river along which, almost two hundred years before, Fr. Marquette had travelled in the voyage which led to the discovery of the Mississippi. The very day after his arrival at Green Bay, Fr. Chazelle had a slight attack of fever, which increased to such an extent that, shortly after, he was forced to take to his bed. While in this state of suffering, he heard that a steamboat was on the point of starting for Mackinaw. At this news it was impossible to keep him back :—sick as he was, he literally leaped from his bed into the saddle, and hastened towards the wharf. But God, for

whose glory he sought these new fatigues, was satisfied with his good will ; and the same loving Master who, years before, in Kentucky, had sent him forth on an errand of charity that he might not be an eye-witness of the calamity that was to befall his flock, this time, with like fatherly providence, prevented his setting out ; lest, as his end was approaching, he who had been an angel of consolation at so many death-beds, should himself die where he must needs be deprived of the last consolations of his religion.

Despite all his haste, Father Chazelle learned to his sorrow, that he was too late ; the boat had already started, and he had no alternative but to retrace his steps. Once more at the house, he again sank under his illness, now, owing, perhaps, to the excitement his late effort had caused, more violent than before. In the midst of his acute pains, as if to gain strength from the example of his suffering mother, he often reverted to the Society and its recent trials in Europe. It was in the same spirit in which, about a month before, hearing of new persecutions excited against us by the English Government, he had cried out with sudden enthusiasm : Wicked men that they are ; they wish to kill my mother !

The missionary priest of Green Bay attended him in his sickness, and despairing of his recovery, administered to him the last sacraments. Almost immediately the holy religious fell into a protracted agony which ended only with

his life, four days later, Sept. 4th, 1845. He was fifty-six years old, and had been twenty-three years in the Society.

The Indians, for whom he was planning works fraught with so much good, carried his remains to an humble resting place in the quiet cemetery near "The Fathers' Rapids." This place belonged of old to the missionaries of the Society in these regions; and it was a strange contrast to the "long, long views" of poor devising man, that he who hoped to revive these once flourishing missions, and instil new life into these neglected works, should expose himself to numberless dangers and fatigues, and arrive on the spot, only to be received, he too, as they had been, into the arms of all-absorbing death. It is indeed the same contrast as is exhibited in man's very nature:

"An heir to glory: a frail child of dust."

But Father Chazelle had now ceased to be the frail child of dust, and had entered on his inheritance of glory.

Worthy brother of St. Francis Xavier, whose burning zeal seemed, in him, to live again, he died, as his holy predecessor, far away from his brethren, with none but strangers to receive his last sigh, and with his eyes turned yearningly towards the fields he had already in spirit conquered for Christ. These indeed were kindred spirits, "one in willing and in not willing the same;" and the voice that called away the pure soul of Father Chazelle, was that of the loving Master of both, about to give to beings such as they, one in spirit, one abode.

The Canada branch of our mission was not to absorb all the advantages arising from our first Fr. Superior's visit to the North ; for, as he was the father of both branches, so in God's bountiful providence, both were to profit by it. That of Canada was indebted to him for its very existence ; that of Kentucky for a member who was greatly to contribute to its prosperity, and to reflect great lustre on the Society in America : we refer to the Rev. John Larkin, a priest of St. Sulpice, whom Rev. Father Chazelle during his stay in Canada received into the Society, and who the following year, 1840, began his novitiate in Kentucky. The life of this remarkable man demands more than a passing allusion. Father Larkin was born in 1800, in the county of Durham, England, and after pursuing his classical studies at Ushaw under the celebrated Dr. Lingard, in the same class with the late Cardinal Wiseman, undertook a journey to Hindostan ; and on his return studied theology at Paris, in the Seminary of St. Sulpice. About the year 1830, being then a priest of the order, he was sent to occupy the chair of philosophy in the Sulpitian college at Montreal. His very presence gave a new impetus to the studies, especially to that of the dead languages. For himself, in expounding his theses to the class, he preferred the language of Aristotle, and so nobly did his pupils emulate his example, and so well did they succeed under his careful train-

ing that they were soon able to copy their master, and were only allowed the choice between the idiom of the Philosopher and the language of Cicero.

Fr. Larkin continued in his professorial chair till his entrance into the Society. He was accompanied to Kentucky by a young Prussian, who in 1841 likewise assumed the Jesuit habit, and whose *ministry* was, in after time, to be connected with the earliest days of that last great work of the Society in America,—that most precious boon of a zealous father to the Society's children in the new World—Woodstock College: an institution round which, though still young, so many loving memories already cluster, thick as the running ivy that fringes its own mountain slopes; a mansion that "Wisdom has built for herself," where the full training of the Society is extended by devoted Fathers to deeply grateful sons,—that training, offspring of a saint's mind o'ershadowed by the Holy Ghost, which of itself alone if only unimpeded in its slow but all-efficient course permits our persecuted Mother confidently to count on heroes where she numbers men;—a home of brotherly love which is daily linking our provinces closer and closer together in the network of charity,—light as the filmy thread that scarce sustains its pearl of morning dew, but for those it twines around "indissolubly strong,"—an abode of sanctity that encloses within its walls more than one chosen friend

of God, and can already point to the hallowed grove—

“Where sleep its sainted dead.”

And finally, a sanctuary of the Sacred Heart, to which Jesus has left His name and His Heart forever; where numbers of the future body-guard of the Church are to be rendered invulnerable by being steeped in the living waters that gush from the Source of all strength, and where the Fathers who are so untiring in their labors, have even now received a pledge of the crown that awaits them and their children, in the aureole of glory just fallen on the whole institution; amid the effulgence of which, Woodstock College, with its closets for study, its halls for disputation, its green lawns and shady walks for recreation, seems to disappear, while the Sacred Heart rises in its place, open wider than ever, to be henceforth shrine and study, class-room and bower for all the inmates. But fond memory, disporting in the dreamy “light of other days,” forgets that it is not now called on to weave a tribute of gratitude, but a simple historical narrative; we beg pardon and resume our theme.

Fr. Larkin's noviceship was scarcely ended when he was appointed prefect of studies, and, some months later, president of the day-college lately opened in Louisville. The people of that city were not slow in discovering that in the new president they possessed no ordinary man: and so

completely did he captivate the hearts of all, Catholics as well as Protestants, that he was invited to deliver the customary oration on our great national holiday, the 4th of July. Some years previous he had been solicited by a literary society of the city to lecture before them, instead of the celebrated John Quincy Adams, who had been prevented by sudden illness from delivering a discourse already announced, but this time the invitation was tendered to him by the military themselves. Besides those who had already heard of Fr. Larkin, crowds of strangers had assembled even from distant parts of the state to behold the pageantry of the day in the capital, and listen to the discourse for the occasion; but what was their surprise on seeing ascend the rostrum in the open square, not a military officer, nor a civil magistrate, but a Catholic priest in cassock, surplice and stole. Now, if ever, had the orator need of all his power of insinuation; and never perhaps did speaker wield his exordium with more success. He had been invited, Fr. Larkin said, to address the assembly by the military of the city:—he too was a soldier,—but under the standard of the cross. *They* stood before him arrayed in their warlike costume, uniform, belt and sword;—would not *his* appearance be out of harmony with theirs had he addressed them in any other garb than his own uniform, the insignia of his sacred calling?

The eyes of 20,000 men, riveted from that moment on the glowing countenance of the minister of the God of armies, vividly spoke his triumph. His subject was : True Liberty: the liberty that Christ came to set up among men ; and for nearly two hours, his rich voice, and still richer thoughts, filled the ears and minds of that vast multitude, who forgot all else as they listened.

Fr. Larkin's eloquence was clear, fervid and heart-felt : the weapon of the word, in him, was moulded in his broad, solid intellect ; but before passing to his hearers, it was plunged into his deep, loving heart : here it received its temper, keen as the sword's. Perhaps we should describe it most to the life by applying to it what our English Homer says of the energetic valor of the younger Atrides, in the heat of the conflict :

"He sent his soul with every lance he threw." *

Fr. Larkin aimed his weapon to his hearer's reason, but it rested not till it had forced its passage to the heart. It was, in a word, heart speaking to heart, man to man. No wonder then that the crowds listened spell-bound, breathless ; and, as men who have been drinking in for a length of time a delightful melody, even when he has ceased—

"Listening still they seemed to hear."

* Pope's Iliad, Bk. xvii. l. 647. The original has simply :

ἀνδρόγυνος δ' ὅσσην φασετοφ. l. 574.

A few days later, a journal of the city referred to the profound erudition and the polished style of this celebrated Jesuit, as having invested the trite subject of National Independence with a light and beauty till then unknown to his audience. Seen from a distance, in his rural Sanctuary, it continued, his commanding form towering above the platform until it almost reached the branches of the trees above; his sacerdotal vestments contrasting with the brilliant uniforms around; his animated figure and commanding gesture, fixing the attention of the steady soldier and the respectful citizen—Father Larkin reminded us of scenes in the Middle Ages, when an humble minister of the Roman Church would review the Christian legions, which, bristling with steel, marched to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre.* But more serious matters than lecturing now claimed Father Larkin's attention. The College that had been entrusted to his care was far from being prosperous—it was only a private residence fitted up for class rooms, and had never yet numbered a hundred students. Fr. Larkin conceived the plan of erecting a grand edifice, to be in every way worthy of the name he intended it should bear, Loyola College.

His plan approved, he went to work at once, and

* Louisville Advertiser: apud Daurignac's Hist. of the Soc. of Jesus Vol. 2. p. 314.

“What he greatly thought, he nobly dared”

A fine piece of land was purchased at some distance from the city, and before long, the massive granite walls had risen some fifteen feet above the ground, when an event occurred, already alluded to in our account of Father Chazelle's death, which completely changed the destinies of our mission, and transported our toils and labors to an entirely new field of action.

During the thirteen years of its existence it had risen from the original four members, till, in 1844, it numbered, including those in Canada, thirty-nine, of whom nineteen were priests, three scholastics, ten coadjutor brothers, and seven novices; but it had never as yet been favored by any gladdening visit from the centre of unity in the Society. In 1845, the joyful news came that Rev. Fr. Boulanger had been deputed to visit the French missions in America. For some years back there had been question, at different epochs, of a visit from this Father, then our Provincial, but obstacles had always prevented the projected journey, until the present year, when, being relieved of his duties as Provincial by Rev. Fr. Rubillon, he was named Visitor by Most Rev. Fr. Roothaan; and Fr. J. B. Hus assigned him as his companion. The two Fathers reached St. Mary's, Kentucky, on the 14th of June.

Rev. Fr. Boulanger was a man of nerve and discernment: he required no very considerable time to decide upon any

matter once he had grasped it in all its bearings. Such a man was needed, for several vital questions had been pending for years, and were, in fact, definitely settled during his stay among us.

The first was the absolute refusal to receive the College of Bardstown, which had, ever since our Fathers' arrival, been repeatedly pressed on their acceptance.

The second was of still greater moment. From the very first entrance of the Society into Kentucky, opinions had been divided as to the final success of the undertaking. There were indeed human considerations enough to cast a deep gloom over the still uncertain future : we were actually in the wild woods, not even an ordinary country road being visible for miles around ; Catholics were few, and poor at that, Protestants surrounded us on all sides ; and moreover the brothrely intercourse essential to union could hardly be kept up between the colony of the Society lately planted in Canada and that of Kentucky, when so great a distance separated the two branches of the same family stock. To crown all, the number of novices was so small as to leave no hope of replacing the already silvered veterans, whom old age and ceaseless toil would soon be sending to their rest.

Whilst our Very Rev. Fr. Visitor was weighing these items of dissatisfaction with the advantage of a prolonged

stay in Kentucky, and seemed to doubt for a time, to which side the scales inclined, a letter arrived from the newly-appointed Bishop of New York, the Rt. Rev. John Hughes, which at once stopped the oscillation of the balance. The letter contained a request that Rev. Fr. Boulanger would accept the Bishop's new College of St John, situated at Fordham, about ten miles from New York; and concluded by asking an immediate interview, as his Lordship was soon to set out for Europe. Indecision formed no part of Bishop Hughes' character, and when he had to deal with a man of like disposition, neither time nor words were lost. It was agreed to transfer to St. John's all the members of the Society then in Kentucky.

When it became noised abroad that the Jesuits were going to leave Kentucky, both Catholics and Protestants, who saw themselves about to be deprived of the honor of having a College in their midst, eagerly strove to alter their determination; they went so far as to present a petition to the Fathers, begging them to remain; and, at the same time, made liberal offers of aid and money. Even the daily newspapers of Louisville ignorant of the new field opened to their zeal in Fordham, and suspecting that they were forced to leave against their will, broke out into loud invectives against the ecclesiastical superiors. Bishop Flaget was deeply grieved at the thought of losing the Fathers

whom he esteemed so highly, but finding it impossible to alter their determination, called in the priests of the Holy Cross, who took possession of the College of St. Mary's. The uncompleted edifice at Louisville was sold back to the original owners of the property.

As the minds of some were not a little excited on the subject of our entering St. John's, and even the students seemed to entertain a dread of having Jesuit teachers, it was not deemed advisable that all should start at once. Accordingly, towards the close of April, 1846, two Fathers were despatched to Fordham and incorporated with the then existing Collegiate staff.

The device succeeded to perfection: the hearts of the students were soon won by the kindness of the Fathers; and the parents, were, in a short time, happy to have their children receive the food of instruction from the hands of the Jesuits. Though the College had been opened in 1841, on the 24th of June,* feast of its Patron, St. John the Baptist, it was only on July 15th, 1846, a few months after the arrival of the two Fathers who had been sent to prepare the way for the rest, that it celebrated its first annual commencement since the reception of its charter. At the conclusion of the exercises on that occasion, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes, but lately returned from Europe, after

* De Courcy, *Cath. Church in U. S. c.* xxv. p. 240.

praising in the most cordial terms the members and labors of the Society, unfolded his whole design to the audience. The Fathers had no longer anything to fear; by the end of August the entire transfer had been effected, and Rev. Fr. A. Thébaud entered on his duties as President of the College.

Fr. Théabud was the fourth who sat in the presidential chair. The present Archbishop of New York, a man universally esteemed for his talents and amiability, had been taken from his pastoral duties at St. Joseph's Church, N. Y., to be the first President, as well as Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres. He was succeeded in 1842 by the Rev. Ambrose Manahan, D. D., who was in turn replaced by the Rev. John Harley. On the first staff of the College, we find, as Professor of Latin, the name of Mr. John J. Conroy,* now Bishop of Albany, whilst the present Archbishop of Baltimore, J. Roosevelt Bayley, was acting president under Fr. Harley, who accompanied Bishop Hughes to Europe in hope of finding health.

The College was not the only institution on the estate, for in 1840, the Bishop had transferred thither from Lafargeville, and had placed under the invocation of St. Joseph, his diocesan Seminary. The seminarians at first occupied a small stone building North-west of the College, but in 1845, were laid the foundations of the beautiful fortress-like

* Hassard, *Life of Archbishop Hughes*, c. xiv, p. 252.

building which they afterwards occupied. The same year, the indefatigable Bishop began the erection of the Church adjoining the Seminary; and he has left us a convincing proof of his zeal for the house of God, as well as his good taste and love of the fine arts in the stained glass windows which he had made to order at St. Omers, France, expressly to beautify the temple he was raising to his Maker. The Apostles St. Peter and St Paul and the four Evangelists are depicted in the six windows, three on each side. The figures are executed in the best style of modern stained-glass; they stand on floriated Gothic pedestals of gold, surmounted by a rich canopy of the same, while at the foot of the pedestal is a golden escutcheon containing the name of the Saint.*

St. Joseph's Seminary was not sold with the College, but remained under the control of the Bishop for a number of years, though our Fathers were employed in it as Professors of Theology. As the number of the Fathers was too small to suffice for all the branches of instruction taught both in the College and Seminary, aid was asked from the Society in Europe. Among the Fathers that responded to the call was our late Reverend Fr. Charles Maldonado, whose devoted labors in our mission for a number of years, later gave us a right to wreath at least a few flowers into the

* R. Bolton, Jr. *History of the County of Westchester*, vol. ii, p. 331.

garlands that already twine around his tomb—and this right we dearly prize. We look upon it, in fact, as a real blessing to have had among us so perfect a type of the true Jesuit; for, as says his Obituary in a back number of the LETTERS, “he was eminently,” and we would add, emphatically, “the *child* of the Society;” * and to say this is, we think, to strike the key-note of his character.

It has ever been impossible for us to associate the idea of advanced age with the pleasing image of Fr. Maldonado, which our memory loves to trace. Even his depth of learning could not make one forget his “innocent playfulness;” nay, it was this latter quality that first struck the beholder, and to discover the former, one had to pierce this exterior surface and sink down into the well-stored mind. Yet we would not intimate that he *strove* to hide his learning, that would imply a strain at variance with his open guileless character; he merely seemed to ignore its existence, and

“Unconscious as the mountain of its ore,
Or rock of its inestimable gem.”

without any effort concealed what cost him such persevering efforts to acquire.

That simplicity so charming should be found united with erudition so vast might seem, at first, a matter of surprise;

* WOODSTOCK LETTERS, vol. i, No. 3, p. 202.

and yet these qualities far from being opposed, may be almost said to form but one, or at least to be as closely linked together as cause to effect. For surely, stainless must be the soul that produced so spotless a flower; and the purest of hearts the only possible sanctuary where such dove-like innocence could nestle. Now it is the special privilege of the pure of heart to *see* God; to contemplate the very source of all wisdom and knowledge.

To say that with so attractive a disposition, Fr. Maldonado endeared himself to all the inmates of St. John's, both young and old, students and Professors, would be simply to note the application to the moral order of those facts of nature our meads and prairies daily exhibit: that the sweet-brier and honey-suckle are sought alike by our sober-suited songsters, and sportive humming-birds.

Fr. Maldonado returned with interest the affection of which he was the object; and Fordham and its associations so interlaced themselves around his heart that it was ever after his delight to revisit the scenes of his first home in America.

It is no doubt to these lingering memories that we scholastics are indebted for the happy hours we spent in his company, only a few days before death snatched him from us. After suffering himself to be enticed from his quiet retreat of study and prayer at Woodstock, to spend a few

days in our Mission, he consented to join us at Fort Hill : and during his short sojourn in our midst, his innocent simplicity of character seemed to reveal itself by traits more charming than ever, as he was approaching the time when this very quality was to be his passport to the arms of the Saviour who has said : "Unless you become as little children, you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

It was indeed a sight we shall never forget to behold the learned divine, successor of Suarez in the chair of Theology at Salamanca, seated on the boards of our piazza, and looking with an all-absorbed gaze on the sprightly gambols of a little pet squirrel in his wire cage. With what delight he would eye the "little fellow," as he called him, and every now and then as the little prisoner exhibited some new antic, some bold feat of agility, break out with : "*Nonne Mirandum !*" It was the man of prayer finding matter for wonder and amazement in the smallest of God's creatures.

So much of the spirit of St. Francis of Assisium did we see in our beloved guest that we would hardly have been surprised, if while he strolled along with us through our shady woods, the birds that twittered and circled round him had ceased their warbling, and alighting on his shoulders and hands remained motionless and attentive to his words, till, as St. Francis,* he had dismissed them with the sign of the cross.

* Life of St. Thomas Aquinas, by R. B. Vaughan. Vol. I. c. 5, St. Francis and St. Dominic.

Why should it not be so? when on innocent man

“all things smiled:”

and when around Adam and Eve

“as they sat recline

On the soft downy bank damasked with flowers,

frisking played

All beasts of th'earth, since wild, and of all chase

In wood or wilderness, forest or den.”*

But it was of little moment to him that the birds of our forests should cluster around him, when he was so soon to be surrounded by beings of far fairer wing, of far sweeter note than any this poor world can boast of; when the very angels of God were so soon to welcome him into the Divine Presence. Truly of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

But to return to St. John's. Rose Hill, as the estate was called on which the College stood, and which for a time gave its name to the institution, † was a lovely spot that would have charmed even a far less genial converser with Nature than our dear Fr. Maldonado. In front of the stone building that capped a gentle eminence, stretched, with easy descent, a beautiful lawn some twenty acres in extent, and up and down this verdant slope the playful breezes seemed never to tire of chasing each other in mazy pursuit. Nor has time made them less sportive, for, now, as well as then,

* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. IV. and Bk. VIII.

† It was for some time known as Rose Hill College. Bayley Cath. Church in N. Y. p. 106, Note.

from the College porch, especially of a morning in early Spring, when the soft green texture of each velvet blade is just fresh from Nature's loom, and the whole lawn glistens with its myriad drops of sun-lit dew, at a moment when

led by the breeze,
The vivid verdure runs,

one is easily charmed into the belief that Nature has suddenly reversed before his eyes Nero's astounding pageant, the solid earth seeming to have suddenly disappeared, and himself to be actually gazing on the wavy rippings of the sea.

Along the edge of this mimic ocean, like so many giant cliffs, forest-crowned, merging from the waves, rose tall and majestic some magnificent elms, the grafts of which,—so the proprietors were fond of telling—had been brought in olden times from Holyrood Palace, the once noble residence of the Scottish Sovereigns, and witness to the many woes, as well as hallowed by the sublime virtues of the saintly Mary Queen of Scots.

Nearer the College a clump of the same towering trees, cast its refreshing shade, like a wooded Island bosomed in the ocean; and just in front of the marble steps leading to the entrance, an aged weeping-willow gnarled and grotesque, drooped to the very earth—beautiful image of old age repentant.

In the rear of the edifice lay a large and productive farm reaching to the verge of an extensive wood, through which, as liquid boundary of the property, glided the peaceful Bronx,

"now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffused into a limpid plain." *

Besides these rural beauties with which Nature had adorned the environs of St. John's, the part of Westchester county in which it lay was classic ground—the scene of many a march and counter-march of the Continental forces in 1776. "There was hardly a little stream for miles around, hardly a grass-grown lane," says the biographer of Archbishop Hughes, "which had not been the scene of conflict; hardly an old house with which some thrilling incident of the war was not associated; hardly a commanding hill upon which the antiquary might not still trace the marks of an ancient camp, or the lines of a ruined fortification." †

Fordham Heights especially, a ridge of hills little more than a stone's throw in front of the College grounds, were celebrated as being the position occupied by Gen. Washington previous to the battle which took place at White

* Thomson's *Seasons*—Summer, li. 481.

† Address delivered before the Historical Association of St. John's College, Dec. 3rd, 1863, by J. R. G. Hassard.

Plains, about thirteen miles farther north, on October 28th, 1776. It was probably at this time, while the Commander-in-chief was directing in person some of the movements of the Americans, that he, according to a popular tradition, passed the night in the old wooden farm-house to the left of the College. The sister tradition, however, which points to the parlor of the same cottage as the place in which Washington signed the death-warrant of Major André, a legend to which the students clung with patriotic tenacity, is, according to the same writer just mentioned, "most certainly untrue; as Fordham at the time of André's execution, was within the British lines."

In fact, after the battle of White Plains, Gen. Howe, the English commander, took possession of the fortifications along the Heights, which the Americans had abandoned, and kept them till the end of the war.

There exists still another traditionary legend, on which most probably the same verdict of "unfounded" must be passed: it is that Washington once fastened his charger to the old willow above described. And well, perhaps, it is for the aged tree not to have this new title to renown, else, instead of exciting the admiration of all passers-by on account of its strongly-developed and characteristic bumps, with life enough in it to put forth its pendant verdure for years to come, it might have met the fate of the Royal Oak,

whose thick foliage sheltered for a whole day the Cavalier King, saved him from the Roundheads in hot pursuit, and was, as history relates, afterwards destroyed to satisfy the veneration of the Cavaliers.* Still even this tradition may be true, for that an engagement, in which Washington himself, perhaps, was present, must have taken place much nearer to Rose Hill than that of White Plains, nay, most probably on the estate itself, is evident from the large grassy mound covering the remains of a number of soldiers, which formed a very conspicuous object on the North side of the lawn, and on which the people even now look with great reverence.

The quiet Bronx itself had its warlike associations, having been once the only barrier that separated the contending armies; for in those days, before mills and dams had encroached upon its copious waters, it was considered a sufficient obstacle to stay a hostile force. Besides, when it had passed the College property, it had already travelled for miles through the valley it fertilizes, to which it gives its name, and many a time must it have hushed its waters into deeper stillness as it met in its course some hallowed spot, where heroes fought and bled. Many an act of noble daring must it have seen in those by-gone days, when, too,

* Lingard. *Hist. of Engl.*, Vol. x, p. 336.

it was the only witness of the deed, and the rocks on its banks the only herald, by their echo, of the valorous shout or encouraging cheer of man to man. Many a purple rill of patriot blood must have trickled through the valley and found its way to the peaceful bed of the river, dyeing its crystal waters; and many a wounded soldier must have dragged himself to its edge to cool his fevered lips, and whisper, perhaps, a faint farewell to its gently gliding waves, in the frenzied hope that they might bear it along on their rippling crests to the loved ones far away.

Even after the jarring sounds of war were hushed by the peace of 1783, Rose Hill was still connected with those who had fought our battles, being the residence of Colonel John Watts, who had married the celebrated Lady Mary Alexander, daughter of Major-General Lord Stirling, whose claims to the peerage, however, were not acknowledged by the House of Lords.

Such then was the new field of labor on which our Fathers entered in 1846, and though they had encountered many difficulties in the realization of their plan, they were soon greatly consoled by the piety of the students entrusted to their care. Among the hundred and fifty students on the College roll, were, as we learn from the Annual Letters of those days many really devout children, and very loving

clients of the Blessed Virgin. Animated with a zeal uncommon at their age, they had formed a Society for the conversion of sinners, and recommended to each other's prayers, one a father who had neglected his religious duties, another a mother still outside the true Church, etc. The prayers of these innocent souls were very efficacious, and in a short time five Protestants, for whom they had been petitioning the Almighty, entered the one Fold of Christ; and two hardened sinners returned to a better life.

Far from being an obstacle to their studies, their piety only took another form when there was question of preparation for class, and showed itself in serious application to their books. The next annual commencement, which took place "under the elms," in July, 1847, the first since the College had been entrusted to our Fathers, gave abundant evidence of the students' progress. The programme comprised five discourses, two of which, at least, seem to have been really extraordinary. One, which, says the annalist, surpassed all expectation, was in Latin, and entitled: "*De Latinae Linguae Laudibus*," "*ipsa laude dignissima*," adds the MS. The other was in English and was graced with the novel heading: "*Nothing Original*:" yet so very original did it prove to be—saving the paradox—that two Protestant papers deemed it worthy of a verbatim transcription

the following day. An orchestra from the city added its charms to the other attractions of the occasion, and the two thousand spectators, including a large number of the clergy, were loath to leave the spot, where the productions of science and art to which they had listened, were only outdone by the beauties of Nature which greeted their eyes wherever they turned. Thus were inaugurated those annual festivities now so well known in the vicinity of New York, and always so welcome to the many friends and alumni of St. John's.

For some months after the arrival of the Fathers at Fordham, they confined their works of zeal mostly to the neighborhood of St. John's ; but in the year of the Jubilee, 1847, several of them were, after the hours of literary and scholastic labor, called to New York, for the exercise of the various duties of the ministry. This Jubilee, besides producing innumerable salutary effects in the souls of the faithful, had the advantage of teaching Catholics their own strength and numbers. The Fathers, themselves, seeing the great good that might be done by their continual presence in the midst of so flourishing a Catholic population, were anxious to have a permanent residence and College within the city limits, and accordingly laid their plan before the Archbishop. His Grace approved of it most heartily, a similar project having been already maturing in his own mind, and offered at once the Church of St. Andrew, in Duane Street. This edifice, however, was loaded with a heavy debt, and owing to its situation in a very unfavorable part of the city, was not such as the Fathers desired.

Meanwhile Fr. Larkin had been appointed Superior of the residence in contemplation, and, in the summer of the same year, left St. John's in the true apostolic spirit, without gold or silver in his purse. As he said himself, in a sermon preached some years later, he started from Ford-

ham with fifty cents in his pocket to purchase a church and a house in the city. Twenty-five cents he paid for his fare in the cars, twenty cents more for the carriage of his trunk from the station to the residence of a friend, and had thus five cents left to found his new house and church. But confidence in God stood him instead of riches ; and Divine Providence did not disappoint him.

While awaiting the moment when Divine Providence would manifest its will more in detail regarding the new undertaking, Fr. Larkin accepted the kindly proffered hospitality of Fr. Lafont, Pastor of the French Church : where, together with Fr. Petit, who had been given him as Socius, he remained occupied in earnest prayer for the success of his plans. They had not to wait long. It happened just at this time, that the congregation of the Protestant church, situated in Walker St., near Elizabeth, split into two violent factions : the occasion being the advent of a young curate, with whose new views, exposed with captivating eloquence, the younger members immediately sided. in opposition to the more sedate portion of the congregation, who still stood by the old vicar. A stormy session followed, and at its conclusion the young party was invited to find a meeting house somewhere else—which they accordingly did. But the old party had not calculated the strength of the schismatics, who proved so numerous, that

on their withdrawal, it became a matter of necessity to sell the church in order to meet the interest. Fr. Larkin heard of the affair, and at once sought to turn the wranglings of these sects within a sect to the furtherance of God's Church. The trustees were willing to strike the bargain for \$18,000, provided \$5,000 were paid at once, and the rest by regular instalments. Fr. Larkin asked time to decide. But how was he to find \$5,000? How indeed, but by fervent recourse to heaven? "Now" said he to Fr. Petit, with all the earnestness of his soul, "now is the time for prayer; we must both offer the Holy Sacrifice to-morrow for this intention." Fr. Petit had just finished Mass the next day, when he was called to the parlor by a gentleman with several members of his family. The stranger informed the Father that, with his family, he had just arrived from France and had assisted at his Reverence's Mass in thanksgiving for their safe journey. "I have come," continued the visitor, "to find work in this country, and have with me about 20,000 francs which I would like to place in safe keeping. Hearing that the banks are not always secure I have come to ask you if you can tell me where I can best dispose of my money." This indeed was a God-send! Fr. Petit replied that if he would call again in the evening, he thought he could offer him the required security. Fr. Larkin, hearing of this was deeply affected at so striking an interposition of

Divine Providence ; he received with gratitude the \$5,000 and gave in return a mortgage on the property. But the pious Frenchman's act of devotion was not only beneficial to the Fathers ; that Mass of thanksgiving was to prove the occasion of all his own future success. He was, in fact, an artist in fresco painting. He came, he said to Fr. Larkin, to seek his fortune by means of his art, as yet little known in this country. "Sir," replied the Father, "your fortune is made ; and I myself will give you to start with, \$5,000 for the decoration of the church."

Fr. Larkin's predictions were verified ; for, as many people, both Protestants and Catholics, visited the place while the Frenchman and his son-in-law were at work, the artists soon became well known, and were engaged to fresco many banks and public buildings. At the touch of the devout painter the four bare walls of the cold Protestant meeting house began rapidly to assume the living catholic glow ; and even before all was completed, the church was by a solemn benediction, dedicated to the Holy Name of Jesus. Fr. Larkin having thus his church already built, next rented a house in Elizabeth St., the garden of which adjoined the square in front of the church door. Here, in view of starting his college, he collected his community of four fathers, three scholastics, and one brother.

As we may imagine from the condition of the founder's

purse, poverty was a constant guest in the new residence. Still, amid many privations, the work of God went on progressing. During the months of August and September the basement of the Church was fitted up for class rooms, and the school of the Holy Name of Jesus opened in October, with 120 students from New York, Brooklyn or Jersey City.

This was not the first educational establishment of the Society in New York : as far back as 1685, Col. Dongan, Catholic Governor of the City, had sent to Europe for some English Jesuits to convert the Iroquois to Christianity, as he was opposed, on national grounds, to using the zealous French missionaries for that purpose. Three Fathers are mentioned in the Roman Catalogue as residing in New York about this time ; they are probably those who responded to the Governor's call, viz : Fathers Thomas Harvey, Henry Harrison and Charles Gage. Being unacquainted with the Iroquois dialects, they proceeded no farther than New York ; but profited by their stay in the City to open a college. The Catholic element, however, was too weak to support it, as we may judge by the following letter, written to the Governor of Mass. by Leisler, a fanatical merchant who had become the head of the Protestant party for refusing to pay duties to a Catholic collector ; and on the fall of James II., had usurped the office of

Lieut. Governor of New York. His letter is dated August 13th, 1689, and after expressing true Protestant apprehensions on the score of "some six or seven french families all or most rank french papists that have their relations at Canada & I suppose settled there (*at a place called Schor-achtage*) for some bad designe," adds: "I have formerly urged to inform your Honr that Coll: dongan in his time did erect a Jesuite College upon cullour to larne latine to the Judges west——Mr Graham Judge palmer & John Tudor did contribute their sones for some time, but no boddy imitating them the collidge vanished I recommended your Honr againe to spare us for their majesties use some great gunes and watt pouders your Honr can" . . . etc.* In fact, so fatal to the spread of Catholicity seems to have been the rule of Leisler, that in 1696, Mayor Merritt in compliance with an order from Gov. Fletcher for the names

* E. B. O'Callaghan—Documentary History of N. Y. State, Vol. II., p. 14. We copy the letter exactly as it is found in the original, *punctuation* and all. No doubt Leisler's untiring efforts to bring to naught the "bad designs" of the "rank french papists" so absorbed all his mental energies—which were not extraordinary, admits a friendly biographer—as to preclude the possibility of attention to any minor subject, that could not affect the "preservation of the Protestant religion." Unfortunately for the poor Lieut. Governor, his zeal for the preservation of his religion seems to have made him neglect the preservation of his own head, which his Protestant friends, rather ungratefully, placed beyond the possibility of any further application to the thwarting of "papist designs," by putting a halter around his neck two years after his assumption of sovereignty. The charges were murder and treason.

of "all the Roman Catholicks or such as are reputed Papists within the city of New Yorke" returns a list of only ten names.* The "Brief Sketch of the History of the Cath. Church on the Island of New York," mentions only nine names: the error arising most probably from the close resemblance of two out of the ten given in the document itself, viz.: Peter Cavileir and John Caveleir.

Under such circumstances the College of the Society could hardly be expected to prosper. A little more than a century later, in 1809, and, at the request of Archbishop Carroll, Father Anthony Kohlman was sent from Georgetown, to attend, as Vicar General, the diocese of New York, till the expected arrival of its first Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Luke Concanen.† This father was accompanied by Father Benedict Fenwick, a native of Maryland, lately ordained, and one of the first subjects to enter the Scholasticate at Georgetown, after the restoration of the Society in the United States. St. Peter's, then the only Catholic Church in the city, was placed under their charge; and although the functions of the parochial ministry must have filled up the days of these zealous missionaries, they did

* E. B. O'Callaghan—Documents relative to the Colonial History of N. Y. State. London Documents, X., p. 166.

† Bishop Concanen never reached New York, as he died at Naples on the eve of his intended departure.

not lose sight of one great object of their coming—the favorite work of the Society itself—the education of youth.

They had brought with them four young Scholastics, Michael White, James Redmond, Adam Marshall and James Wallace; and soon after arriving, purchased some lots fronting those on which F. Kohlman had just laid the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and situated between the Broadway and the Bowery road. Here they opened their school, the nucleus of a future College.* Concerning the school, Father Kohlman thus wrote in the following July: "It now consists of about thirty-five of the most respectable children of the city, Catholic as well as Protestant. Four are boarding at our house, and in all probability we shall have seven or eight boarders next August." This school was transferred to Broadway in September; but in the following year it was removed far out into the country, to a spacious building near what is now known as the intersection of Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street.†

* De Courcy—Cath. Ch. in the U. S., c. xxiii, p. 367.

† Archbishop Bayley—Brief Sketch, etc., c. iii, p. 67—A strange substitution of 15th Street for 50th occurs in Shea's translation of De Courcy's work, c. xxiii, p. 367; attributable, Mr. Shea informs us, to the compositor's transposing 51, the number of the Street named in the original. Since the time when his Grace, Archbishop Bayley, wrote his interesting and valuable little Sketch of the progress of Catholicity on the Island of New York, the old frame house occupied by the New

The rising College assumed the name of the *New York Literary Institution*, and was the means of doing immense good. A biographer of Bishop Fenwick, speaking of its usefulness, remarks: "The New York Literary Institution under his guidance reached an eminence scarcely surpassed by any at the present day. In 1813 it contained seventy-four boarders, and such was its reputation even among Protestants, that Gov. Tompkins, afterwards Vice President of the United States, thought none more eligible for the

York Literary Institution has experienced the changeableness of human things, as it now no longer stands on its old site, but has been rolled bodily back about 300 feet, so as to front on Madison Avenue instead of Fifth. Some of the details illustrative of the checkered history of this ancient building, as we gathered them a few days ago from the lips of its present occupant, the pastor of St. John the Evangelist's Church, are well worth recording.

Our kind informant assured us that it is one of the oldest edifices on the Island, dating back, most probably, 150 or 200 years. The wood-work in the interior was all of solid oak, and had, no doubt, first shaded the spot as wide-spreading trees, before being felled for girders and joists. But solid oak though it was, the long lapse of years had told on it, and the half-decayed rafters and beams had to be completely renewed at the time of the transportation. It is not, however, only from its time-worn condition that we may calculate its age—its very build is old-fashioned: the double flight of wooden steps leading to the doorway, and the massive angular projections each side, like huge bay windows, remind us of one of those way-side inns of former days, or hospitable old farm houses, half inn, half homestead, with "whitewashed walls and nicely sanded floor,"

"Where nut-brown draughts inspire I,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired;
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round."

But the day was not very far distant when the spot it occupied was to be graced by a far nobler pile, destined to cast its Gothic shadows o'er yet unbroken fields, and send its chaste spires to the very skies.

education of his own children; and ever afterwards professed towards its President the highest esteem.*

The professors were talented men, and Mr. Wallace, who was an excellent mathematician, wrote a full treatise of over five hundred pages on astronomy and the use of the globes: one of the first contributions of the Society in America to the exact sciences.†

But it was impossible through dearth of men to carry on the College without sacrificing other varied and important duties. Accordingly in the Summer of 1813, Our Fathers retired from its direction, and entrusted it to the Trappists, who had recently entered the diocese, and were passing the

After the change of possessors, already described in the text, and another mentioned a little farther on, the old building was entrusted by Archbishop Hughes to the Lazarists, a year or so previous to the purchase of St. John's, Fordham, to be used as his Seminary. In it was held the diocesan synod in which his Grace, with characteristic foresight and rare breadth of view, laid before his priests his project of building on that very spot a new Cathedral worthy of his metropolitan See. But even his energetic eloquence almost failed to secure approbation for a Cathedral "in the country;" for at that time (1850), there were but three houses between Madison Square (26th Street) and 50th Street. To begin at once to draw the Catholics around the neighborhood, he appropriated part of the house for a parish church, until time allowed him to raise a small temporary chapel in honor of his patron, St. John the Evangelist. Finally, to make room for his Cathedral, the former wayside inn was transferred to its present position, and now stands directly in the rear of the grand edifice that is little by little nearing its completion—noble tribute of a noble soul to the majesty of God.

* Clarke's *Lives of Deceased Bishops*, Vol. I, p. 378.

† De Courcy, *Cath. Church in N. Y.* c. xxiii, p. 368. The title page of the book ran thus: *A New treatise on the Use of the Globes and Practical Astronomy*, by J. Wallace, member of the New York Literary Institution. New York: Smith and Forman, 1812.

years of their exile from France on the hospitable shores of America.

The school of the Holy Name of Jesus, opened by Fr. Larkin in the basement of his church, was thus the third attempt at an educational institution of the Society in New York ; and this last was in God's providence, destined to a longer life than had been granted to its predecessors. Its beginnings however seemed to augur anything but a protracted existence, as the entire church which, the beautiful decorations were rendering daily less unworthy of the Adorable Victim offered up therein, was to become, in a short time, itself a victim, on an altar of flame ; and the blooming frescos were to prove, so to speak, but the garlands twined round it before the sacrifice. The cross of fire that had blessed our outset in Kentucky was also to cast its chastening rays on our first undertaking in New York.

It would seem almost as if Fr. Larkin had peered into the uncertain future, when, in one of his grand exhortations to the community, the eve of the Holy Name of Jesus, their patronal feast, he counselled all to prepare for crosses ; they were prospering, he said, too rapidly, not to expect at the hands of the Almighty the granting of the famous prayer of our Holy Founder : that the Society might never stray far from Calvary.

Saturday evening, the 28th of January, 1848, just one week after Fr. Larkin's prophetic warning had been given, all the fathers were occupied confessing the throngs of penitents that filled the church. At 7 o'clock they left the confessional to snatch a hasty cup of tea, and as the number of people in the church seemed in no ways diminishing, unanimously agreed to devote the whole night to the sublime work of reconciling man to his creator.

The fathers had been at their posts an hour or so, when they perceived an extraordinary heat throughout the church. At a loss to account for this, they descended to the cellar, and great was their dismay at finding that, owing to some defect in the new furnaces, completed but a few weeks before, the fire had communicated to the joists of the basement flooring, then sped along to the lathing, and rushing up, as through a chimney, between the lathing and the walls, had burst forth from the very steeple before they were aware of the accident in the church below. The alarm was immediately given, and numbers of Catholics rushed to the spot with concealed weapons, suspecting that enemies had attacked and set fire to the church; though the truth was that the Protestants of the neighborhood vied with the Catholics in endeavoring to save what they could. But it was already too late: barely was there time to remove the Blessed Sacrament, as the ceilings and walls

of the class rooms in the basement were blazing, and above, the steeple was a pillar of fire, where the flames raged in all their fury, far out of reach of the engines. The roof fell in and gave hope of preventing any farther spread of the flames.

Meanwhile, amid the din and confusion that surrounded him, Fr. Larkin maintained perfect self-possession, aiding and encouraging his afflicted community by word and example. When he saw that no more could be done, he assembled them together, as well as circumstances permitted, and gave the sad permission to disperse as numbers of kind families had already earnestly solicited the favor of harboring some of the harborless. But we cannot do better than quote the very words of the kind Father, then a scholastic, to whom we are indebted for these details. Covered with a fireman's coat, which had been forced on him by one of that devoted class, he had sought shelter at a friend's house, there to pass the night. "The next morning I arose," he says in his diary, "and repaired to the scene of the disaster—found the walls still standing, as likewise the steeple; but all else, as well as the two adjoining houses, a heap of ruins. While contemplating with a heavy heart the ravages the fire had made in so short a time, in the just finished church and school, and reflecting that our little community had been so scattered that I knew not where to

find a single member, I heard by my side a most agonizing scream which soon brought me to my senses. Turning round I beheld motionless on the ground, the pious and charitable Mrs. S. . . ., who with her two daughters and her grandson had come as usual to the half past five o'clock Mass. She had learned nothing of the accident until she had reached the very spot, and, unable to bear the shock, had fainted on the ruins of her loved church!—Again I am alone, I walk around towards our house—find the door open and enter. All within is bare and desolate. Not a chair or table in the house! the floors and walls streaming with water. I descend to the kitchen, and there find our devoted Brother D . . . , busy drying up the place and preparing to make a little coffee for the community, which he hoped would assemble in the course of the morning: he had remained in the house all night. I went to the French church to Mass, and then returned to keep house and let the Brother go. After a second tour amid the ruins, I again entered the house, and found all the community assembled, taking their coffee, each having his adventure of the night to relate. Rev. Fr. Boulanger who had been Superior of the Mission since 1846, having seen in the morning's *Herald*, an account of the accident, had come in all haste from Fordham to the City, and was only soothed in his grief by the cheerful resignation he found in the sufferers.

The countenance of Fr. Larkin especially appeared as fresh and as cheerful as ever: the storm, if storm there was, raged all within. So too we often find in nature, many a peaceful and smiling landscape actually covering confused and disjointed masses of rock, which to the piercing eye of science reveal the terrible upheavals and convulsions that must have preceded that scene of rural beauty and repose, on which the eye loves to dwell. If sorrow had, the evening before, deepened the lines on his open countenance, saintly resignation had smoothed away all trace of sorrow's visit; if a tear for the sufferings of others had escaped him in this visitation from on High,

"It was a tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek."—

Ere morning dawned he had already carefully matured his plans for the future; and on Rev. Fr. Boulanger's announcing that all were to go to Fordham with him, he quietly asked: "and what shall we do for professors and confessors if you take all away?" Rev. F. Superior opened his eyes in blank astonishment, and exclaimed: "You have neither church nor school, scarcely a house to spend the night in, what can you do with professors?" Fr. Larkin to every one's surprise, coolly remarked; "The professors shall teach their classes to-morrow, and the Fathers attend to their confessionals as usual." A dead silence followed this

announcement. Had the blow, fatigue and excitement clouded his reason? Such was the dread thought uppermost in the minds of all. But it vanished as he added—“Yes, I shall make arrangements with Fr. Smith, Pastor of St. James' in James Street, to open without delay our classes in the basement of his church, till we find better accommodations; and our parishioners we can attend to in the French church.”

“His plan was followed; Fr. Smith kindly made all the necessary preparation, and two days later, to the great joy of our students, who had thronged the house daily, to condole with their afflicted professors, the classes were resumed. Fr. Larkin's next thought was for his church, which all urged him to rebuild at once. He determined,—yielded to their wishes, and in a week's time had already collected \$6,000, brought to the house by the zealous and charitable members of the congregation.”

He had many anecdotes to relate, in his own pleasing way, respecting those who offered him their little mites towards the erection of the new church. One day at dinner, he drew from his pocket two large, rosy apples, saying: “These apples certainly deserve a ‘Deo Gratias!’ I was passing through the Bowery to-day, he continued, when I was accosted by an apple woman, who began her salutation with a ‘well Fr. Larkin, your church is burnt;

the Lord be praised !' 'The Lord be praised !' I repeated, are you then glad of it? 'Oh ! God forbid,' she replied, 'but then we must give God glory for everything.' I acknowledged in my heart the truth of her remark, and resolved to profit by the lesson she gave me. 'Ah ! Father,' she continued, 'if I had some money to give you ! but I am a poor widow with five children, that I must support by my apples. Something I can give, and I hope it will have all the blessings of a widow's mite. You must take the two finest apples in my basket.' She then offered me these two apples, which I was forced to take ; but she absolutely refused to tell me her name." Each member of the community received his share of the fruit, rendered doubly sweet by the christian charity that prompted the giver. On another occasion, a poor woman called at the door and offered \$25 towards the erection of the church. Fr. Larkin, judging from her appearance that she could not well afford to give that sum, asked her if she was rich enough to give so much. "What I give you," she replied, "is all I have been able to save after many years of labor. I have not another cent." "Oh ! then, I cannot accept it," replied Fr. Larkin. "O Father !" replied the good woman, "you cannot refuse it. God, to whom I give it, will not permit me to die of hunger." She, too, would not give her name.

Despite the generosity of the faithful and the eagerness of all to see the church rebuilt, new difficulties arose, which produced another new phase in the affairs of our Mission. His Grace, the Archbishop, with his characteristic firmness, positively refused to consent to the erection of the new church, unless Our Fathers would accept all the responsibilities of parish priests. This Fr. Larkin was unwilling to do ; and as the neighborhood was unsuitable for the erection of a college alone, it was determined to sell the property, pay off all the debts, and seek a more eligible portion of the city for a new college.

Meantime the classes were continued, amid a thousand difficulties, in the basement of St. James' Church. We again quote from the diary before referred to : "The students suffered still more than ourselves, but we mutually consoled each other with the hope that we should soon have a fine college. We continued to reside as before, near the old church, now in ashes,—took our breakfast at half past six, and then started with the first students that passed our house for St. James' Church. Here we remained teaching till 3, P. M., when we dismissed the boys for the day, and returned home for our dinner at 4. Only God and those who have experienced it, know how hard a life that was ! How often in going to the school rooms in the morning, were we drenched with rain, and had to re-

main all day in our wet clothes. Yet neither ourselves, nor any of our pupils, thanks to God, ever fell sick during the whole winter. The students afforded us great consolation, and it was their delight to accompany us on our way home after the classes were over.

“But it was impossible to keep the school any longer in its inconvenient situation; and, as much time would necessarily be consumed in the purchase of lots and the building of the new college, it remained only to hire for a time some more appropriate building. This was no easy task, as no one wished to rent his house for a Jesuit school. Father Larkin, who was animated with a great devotion towards the Holy Angels, requested all the community to enter on a novena to these heavenly spirits. On the first or second day after the novena had been begun, two ladies, who had indeed for a long time been ministering angels to our community, came to inform us that No. 77, 3rd Avenue, near 11th St., was a dwelling house that would suit. Accordingly, on the 1st of May, 1848, the community removed to their new abode. Owing, however, to the increased distance, the students from Jersey City and Brooklyn, by degrees left us, and our number was reduced to 60.”

While Fr. Larkin was still busily engaged in his search after a fitting site for his new college, he was astounded one day, by the receipt of a letter from the Archbishop of

Quebec, congratulating him on his promotion to the episcopacy, and stating that his Grace had just received orders from Rome to consecrate him for the See of Toronto ; moreover, that Fr. Larkin himself would, in a few days, receive from His Holiness the necessary documents and commands. A copy of the Brief accompanied the letter.

In the spirit of those humble men against whom a council of the early Church thought it necessary to issue a special canon forbidding any one falsely to accuse himself in order to escape episcopal ordination,* Fr. Larkin returned the Brief unopened, and, in haste, flew to his Superior for permission to cross the ocean immediately, before positive orders could arrive, and, by a personal interview, induce the Sovereign Pontiff not to insist on his acceptance of any ecclesiastical dignity. The Superior of the mission yielded at once to his earnest entreaties, and Fr. Larkin started without delay. It was none too soon, for, on his passage he crossed the wake of the ship bearing the positive orders of Pius IX., which he was so anxious to escape. Arrived in France, he visited the papal nuncio in the hope of inducing him to urge his suit, but was sadly disappointed when the prelate, struck with his lofty bearing and noble presence, sportively replied to all his arguments : "Why, you are the very kind of man we want to wear the mitre ; and I warn

* Darras—Hist. of Cath. Church. Vol. I, p. 509.

you, if you wish to escape it, not to let his Holiness see you; if you do, you are surely undone." Happily, for the distressed Father, in his flight from honors, very Rev. Fr. Provincial had not to consult so immediately the good of the Church at large, and could fully enter into his state of mind. Though on embracing Fr. Larkin, he had expressed great surprise at seeing him so far away from his diocese, and smilingly rallied him for so flagrant a breach of the canons; he at once wrote to our most Rev. Fr. Roothaan, begging him to intercede with his Holiness, in behalf of the humble child of the Society.

Still, the warning of the nuncio kept ringing in Fr. Larkin's ears, and, fearing to proceed on his journey, he begged to be sent at once to Laon, for his third year of probation. His Superiors once more granted his request; and, in the mean time, an account of the whole matter was forwarded to the Sovereign Pontiff who could find no words of blame for the detached religious, and kindly consented to insist no longer.

The departure of Fr. Larkin rendered necessary the appointment of a new Rector; and Fr. Ryan was accordingly named. He agreed to accept the conditions regarding the parish Church, which Fr. Larkin had judged proper to refuse, and soon found what he considered a suitable situation in 9th Street; but the title of the deed of property

was discovered to be unsafe; and it was only some time after, that he succeeded in purchasing the place we now occupy on 15th Street, between 5th and 6th Avenues.

To enable Fr. Ryan to cover the necessary outlay for the new institution, our late lamented Fr. Maldonado kindly consented to accompany one of the Fathers of our Mission in a tour through Mexico, for the purpose of appealing to the charity of the Catholics of that country. The two Fathers started in November, 1850, provided with letters of introduction to the first Mexican gentlemen, both clerical and secular; and during the fourteen months of Fr. Maldonado's sojourn there, by his polished manners and engaging disposition, he succeeded in completely gaining the hearts of all: so that both clergy and laity responded with true catholic liberality to his appeal in favor of a distant work of charity. The other Father remained some months longer, and may be literally said to have travelled over the whole of Mexico. About \$18,000 was collected, besides paintings, vestments, and sacred vessels; and for this timely aid our Fathers owe a lasting debt of gratitude to the Mexicans, as without it, Rev. Fr. Ryan would never have been able to build the College.

About two years were employed in its erection, and on the 25th of Nov., 1850, the former students of the School of the Holy Name of Jesus, entered their new and commo-

dious abode. In making the transition, however, both School and Church lost their old names, and, at the request of his Grace the Archbishop, were placed under the patronage of St. Francis Xavier: the College and the Church of St. Francis Xavier thus germinating, as it were, from the Holy Name of Jesus. The College opened with about two hundred and fifty students.

These works, however, were far from engrossing all the attention of the Fathers in New York, for the city afforded opportunities for numerous other ministries of zeal. As the rootlets of the plant naturally seek those portions of the soil, where moisture is more abundant; so the various offshoots of the Society, by the very nature of the holy sap flowing through them, have ever sought out the abodes of misery where suffering is to be relieved and crime prevented. Now, New York, in its various Public Institutions of Charity and Correction, offered the Fathers a very harvest of miseries, which a Xavier himself might have envied. In the words used by Fr. Du Ranquet, the present chaplain, when soliciting Archbishop Hughes for the care of these Institutions: "In other apostolic works, the missionary resembles the ordinary hunter, who needs must exert all his strength and skill to succeed in securing, one by one, a few game; but here is a royal hunting ground, with numbers of men solely employed to start the game, and

drive them before the huntsman: the men thus employed are the police."

As early as 1852, the Fathers, with the hearty approval of his Grace, began the work of mercy by visiting the Tombs, or city prison, where the criminals are detained prior to their sentence,—and once or twice a month brought the consolations of religion to the inmates of the state prison at Sing-Sing, whither those condemned to hard labor are mostly sent. But it was only in 1861, that sectarian prejudice and bigotry so far yielded, or were forced to yield, to the instances of his Grace as to admit the members of the Society into that wider field of labor for which they yearned.

The Public Institutions of Charity and Correction of the City of New York are mostly built on a number of small islands, situated in the East River, as the channel is called which, some fifteen miles in length, connects Long Island Sound with the Harbor. These islands are known as Blackwell's, Ward's, Randall's and Hart's. To begin with that nearest the city: Blackwell's Island, contains five public institutions: 1, A vast hospital; with a smaller one, somewhat apart, for contagious diseases, especially the small-pox; these buildings are situated at the extreme southern end of the island. 2, The Penitentiary, viz.: a prison for criminals condemned to detention for less than

two years. 3, An asylum for the poor, called the Alms-House. 4, Another prison called the Work-House, where those are confined who are punished by only a few day's detention, as for vagrancy, drunkenness, etc. 5, An Insane Asylum. On the next island, Ward's, is an Asylum where destitute emigrants, not having as yet had time to acquire the privileges of citizens, are offered a home for any length of time during the five years following their arrival, provided that, either through sickness or dearth of work, they are really in want of the necessities of life. On this island also are two large edifices recently erected, to make good the insufficiency of those of Blackwell's Island for city convicts. On the third island, Randall's, are the establishments for the children of destitute parents, or for orphans, or those taken up as vagrants. Hart's Island, twenty miles to the East, has, of late years, been appropriated by the city to receive the excess of inmates of the others. During epidemics or contagious diseases, the persons attacked by these maladies are transported thither. In connection with a school-ship, a school has been established on the island, to receive the young unfortunates of Randall's Island, when they become old enough to be able to work, and manifest an inclination to become sailors. All these establishments are divided into two departments, one for males, the other for females; and it is not an exag-

gerated estimate to set down at 6,000, the number of persons in the various institutions, counting in the officers and employees.

Blackwell's Island was the first to admit one of the Fathers, but even he was not permitted to pass the night there. Fr. Jaffré, a former missionary of Upper Canada, started daily from the College, visited in turn each of the institutions, and after displaying a zeal which, in presence of so much misery, nothing could moderate, returned home at night completely exhausted, only to begin his work again, the day following. In one month's time he was in his grave, a victim of the typhoid fever.—The pioneer in the good work, had fallen, but there were hundreds anxious to take his place, and within the three following years, three more Fathers—Chopin, Laufhuber, and Pavarelli—sank at the same post, under the same disease. It would be surprising, indeed, if the heavenly spirit, which vivifies the Society, were less fruitful than the sap which Nature infuses into even her lowliest trees and shrubs ; and do we not there behold ever clustering around the buds on which their growth depends, a number of accessory or latent germs, awaiting only the moment, when the principal bud by some accident is destroyed, to burst forth into a vigorous life, and carry on the plant or tree to its full development, lest Nature's work should be frustrated ?

The devotedness of the Fathers, heroic though it was, was not greater than was required to enable them to cope with the difficulties attending their work—"difficulties," says Fr. Du Ranquet, "which now appear incredible." As long as the Fathers came daily from the city, and returned at night, matters came to no crisis; but when, seeing the drawbacks of such a position, they strove to gain a permanent residence on the Island; then indeed the storm burst in all its fury, and subjected them and the Catholic patients to every kind of annoyance.

Father Maréchal, chaplain at this time, determined, with his accustomed energy, to say Mass every morning in the Poor House Chapel, which was used by Protestants as well as by Catholics. Breakfast hour being six o'clock, he announces Mass for half past five; but the director of the establishment is on the alert: unfortunately, Mass is not over at six—so much the worse for those who have assisted at it—no breakfast for them that day. At the Hospital, bigotry showed itself in a still more persecuting spirit. Fr. Maréchal had just installed his assistant co-laborer, when the young physicians, alarmed at this new clerical invasion, and animated no doubt with the spirit of the Constitution of the United States, *which allows every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience*, took the affair in their own hands, and hit upon

a remarkable way of illustrating their idea of freedom of conscience,—a plan, which, they were convinced, would soon cool the ardor of both priest and people.—The very first day Mass was said, on making the rounds of the sick room, they took care to ask of each of the Catholic invalids: “Have you been at Mass to-day?” Was the answer—“Yes”—they at once rejoined: “Since you are well enough to go to Mass, you are well enough to go home;” and they actually had the cruelty to dismiss thus a crowd of poor Catholics, with one foot already in the grave. The physicians were young men; probably had never before had to deal with Irish Catholics in matters of religion, and sadly indeed were they disappointed if they hoped by persecution to root out their faith and their love for their religion.—At present, the poor Irish Catholic may be said to have almost won the day—for three Fathers remain constantly on the islands, and two others go there during the day, now to one place, now to another. Even a greater number might be employed, for, to mention only one item, on Blackwell’s alone, the annual number of deaths amounts to 2,000, which gives an average of about six a day. Chapels are now to be found in the principal edifices, and not only do the faithful receive the sacraments and other succors of religion, but a great many children are baptized, and numbers of adults, especially at the moment of death and in time of

pestilence, abjure their errors, and are received into the bosom of the Church. His Grace, the Archbishop, has already several times visited the islands for the purpose of administering the Sacrament of Confirmation. But let us hear Fr. Du Ranquet himself describe the good that is at present being done among the wretched inmates of these islands.*—"That which has struck me most forcibly," he says, "in this ministry, is the desire expressed by so many Protestants to become Catholics, when they see death approaching. Many of our invalids have nourished for years this thought of final conversion; others are moved by the confidence of the dying Catholics, and some begin by saying: 'Father, let me kiss your crucifix.' I remember especially one Protestant woman, who had probably been struck by seeing her neighbors kiss the cross so reverently, and who told me she had seen in her sleep a majestic personage holding a large key in his hand. This key, he informed her, opened and shut the kingdom of Heaven, and unless she kissed the crucifix, he would never unlock the gate of bliss for her. She was converted, and became a devout Catholic.

"Occasionally, on my rounds I come in contact with Protestant ladies and ministers busy distributing tracts and books; but if I wish to escape their society, I have only to

*Letter published in the "*Etudes religieuses*," etc., 4th Series, 2. vol. p. 131.

enter the ward reserved for typhoid or small-pox; here there is no danger of interference from them. The proportion of Protestants and Catholics in the various institutions, is worthy of note. About four-fifths of the inmates of the hospital are Catholics, but in the penitentiary, only two-thirds. Thus, though all these establishments are filled generally from the lower classes, and these classes are in a great measure composed of Catholics—the prisons contain far fewer of the latter than the other institutions. During the day, those that are well labor outside or in the shops, —but, at night, they are locked up separately in very small cells, and here it is I catch them. I devote about three hours every evening to visits to the different cells, where I try to gain the prisoner's confidence by kind words through the iron grating. At Mass, I sometimes have forty or fifty communicants, of whom perhaps eight or ten, receive for the first time.—I was surprised one day by a visit from an individual arriving from Oregon, where he had been fighting in the wars against the unfortunate Indians. He came to fulfil a promise made to a dying comrade on the battle field beyond the Rocky Mountains; where, unable to find a priest, he had tried as well as he could to supply the place of one,—and had asked the wounded soldier if he died content. 'I'll tell you,' answered the dying man, 'how wicked I have been. You know what the New York Boys

are,—well, I was among the worst of them : but one day, about two or three years ago, when I was in prison at the Tombs, I went to confession for the first time ; since that day, I have behaved myself pretty well, and now I die happy.' 'Oh !' replied the other, 'I know the Father at the Tombs, and as soon as I arrive in New York, I will tell him all.'—"No fact," adds Fr. Du Ranquet, "ever encouraged me in my work at the prison as much as this."

While the Fathers employed in these holy labors were opening Heaven to numbers of souls and earning for themselves eternal crowns, one of the most distinguished members of our mission, was suddenly stopped in his saintly career, and when but half the race seemed run, was called to his reward.

We left Fr. Larkin in Europe relieved of the responsibility of the episcopacy—in 1849. After remaining some time in England, he entered upon his third year of probation in France, and when that was over, reviewed his theological studies at Laval. In July, 1851, he was appointed Rector of St. John's, Fordham, and, at the expiration of his term of office, once more crossed the ocean and devoted himself with his accustomed zeal to the work of the ministry in England. Here he received a letter from our present very Rev. Father General investing him with the high and responsible duties of Visitor of the Vice-Province of

Ireland. Having accomplished to the satisfaction of all the task imposed on him, he returned to New York in 1856, and for about two years was employed in the parish. On the 11th of Dec., 1858, he had been hearing Confessions as usual, and when the supper bell rang, obeyed its summons to take a hasty cup of tea. While seated at table he felt a sudden stroke of apoplexy, and had only time to stretch out his hand to the Father next him, saying: "It is all over now!"—when he sank heavily to the ground. Medical aid was at once sent for,—but the call was from above, and no human power could "bribe the poor possession of a day," or "lend a morrow." As it was impossible for the dying servant of God to get to his room, he remained in the arms of the Fathers, who did all they could to relieve him, while the other members of the community hastened to the chapel, to beg, if it were God's will, a few years more of life for so useful a laborer. The blow had been struck in mercy as Fr. Larkin had ever desired a sudden death:—his heart having flown to heaven long before the knell that called his body to the grave,—while he himself had ever looked on the present but as

"A narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas—
The past, the future, two eternities."

The world to come was all he thought of—all he cared for; no pang of sorrow, then, no vain regret disturbed the tran-

quail passage of his soul, which, three hours after his first attack, peacefully went to its Creator. Fr. Larkin had nearly completed his 58th year, having been born in 1801 on the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin.*

It was not only the parish, in which Fr. Larkin had been principally employed, that felt his loss ; even the students of the College, many of whom had had the happiness of attending at least one of his retreats, grieved for him as for a father. No doubt he continued in heaven to pray for the children he left behind on earth, and for the success of the work of the education of youth, in which he took so deep an interest. Certain it is that the state of the College was very prosperous. It was only a few years since it had been built, and already it was found to be far too small for the ever increasing number of students. A new building 60ft by 120, was accordingly begun, and in June, 1861, six months after the date of the charter, part of it was fit for use ; so that, in the following September, the College of St. Francis Xavier received its 500 students in an edifice in keeping with the dignity of its sainted Patron.

We have now sketched, however imperfectly, some of the principal facts in the history of our Mission ;* we say, *some*, for besides the large gaps in our account of the rise of our Colleges at Fordham and New York we have,

* On a foregoing page the year of his birth is, by some mistake, put down as 1800.

through want of the requisite information, but barely alluded to that of St. Mary's, Montreal, and have not written a single word about our residences in Guelph, Chatham and Quebec; in Troy, Yorkville and Jersey City. Should a future day find us conversant with the details of these foundations, it would afford us great pleasure to record them. For to relate to those unacquainted therewith the onward march of the Society, however unpretending, in any part of the world, is the least we can do to show our appreciation of our high calling, together with our filial love for her who brought us forth in religion; and to hand down to those who come after us, the memory of the labors and combats of our fathers, to whose saintliness of life joined with heroism amid whole hosts of obstacles, and persevering energy under difficulties almost insurmountable, many of us are indebted for our acquaintance with the Society, and, after God, for the priceless grace of our entrance therein, is, we think, the smallest tribute of gratitude we can offer. It is nature itself, and nature in one of its holiest instincts that prompts the child to trace, with whatever materials it may happen to have at hand, the features of that countenance which is all in all to him; his unskilled hand will err, no doubt, and produce perhaps only a homely caricature where the fairest of images was intended, but the rough draught, such as it is, has had its effect: the memory

has once more conjured up the true picture, and impressed it still more indelibly in the soul, and then, the loving heart at once supplies all the deficiencies of the erring hand.

A few details concerning our Indian Missions in Canada, on which we chanced too late for insertion in their proper place, are reserved for an appendix.



APPENDIX. *

When, as stated in the body of the Sketch, Fr. Chazelle with his little band of Missionaries returned in 1842, to Canada, there was no residence in Montreal as yet ready for his reception. To avoid inaction he gladly accepted the parish of La Prairie, a charming village just opposite Montreal, on the St. Lawrence and formerly one of the "Seigneuries des Jesuites." Here in fact, the Fathers had in 1668 planted a small French colony, and laid the foundations of their first permanent mission among the Iroquois, which afterwards became so celebrated under the name of Sault St. Louis.

The year following Fr. Chazelle's return, the Bishop of Toronto offered the Society the charge of the Indian Missions of his diocese, together with a residence in Sandwich, a town opposite Detroit, on lake St. Clair. This place had formerly been the centre of the missions of the Society among the Hurons and Algonquins, and about it were now collected a great part of the French Canadians who had founded Detroit. For at the time when that city and all the lands on the West bank of the River St. Clair were ceded to the United States, they crossed to the Canadian

* The following details are mostly taken from an account forwarded by a former Superior of our Mission, to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

side, and there preserved their language and their faith. To meet this new offer, two other Fathers left France for Canada, and accompanied by one from Montreal, and two brothers began their apostolic work. In 1844, this mission round which the labors of our Indian missionaries now principally extend, was separated from that of Montreal and under the title of "Mission of Upper Canada" entrusted to Rev. Fr. Chazelle; while that of Lower Canada welcomed Rev. Fr. Martin as its Superior.

At the time of the reinstalment of our Fathers at Sandwich, the Indians who, in olden times, had lived in great numbers around lake St. Clair, had either been almost entirely destroyed or compelled by the whites to transport their wigwams towards the North, and the West. Not more than 1500 of them still remained about the lake, and on the island of Walpole, which lies close to its Eastern shore. Deprived of Catholic missionaries for more than half a century, these poor people had greatly fallen off from their former simplicity and purity of manners. Protestant missions, established, at great expense, by the Bible Societies of England, and powerfully supported by the government, had succeeded in partly estranging them from the Catholic Faith, and had left them plunged in every vice. Drunkenness especially, encouraged by the merciless cupidity of the whites, made fearful ravages among them.

It was under these unfavorable circumstances that Fr. D. Du Ranquet was directed by Rev. Fr. Chazelle to leave Sandwich, and endeavor to establish himself in the midst of the Indians of Walpole island. With no other help than that of the Brother who accompanied him he built on a corner of the Island a rough chapel, and 'alongside a hut for a dwelling-place. This done, in a light canoe he went in search of the Indians through that marshy country, intersected as it is in all directions with natural canals; and for six years amid extreme privations and fatigues, he labored in the place with but little apparent fruit. On the

one hand, the attachment of the people to their vices, and on the other, the abundant temporal assistance, which they received from the Protestant ministers, prevented their profiting by the exertions of our missionaries. It was not only indifference that thwarted Fr. Du Ranquet's plans for their salvation, positive hatred also rankled in their hearts. On a Sunday, when he had crossed the river to offer the Holy Sacrifice for a congregation of whites, whom he visited from time to time, some of the Indians maliciously set fire to his chapel, which with a portion of his dwelling was soon reduced to ashes. However, the good Father, nothing daunted, at once set about repairing the disaster. A certain number of the natives, who till then had remained unmoved at his trials and suffering, seemed really affected by his recent misfortune and lent him their assistance ; only asking in return that he would remain among them, as long as he could. No doubt, their request would have been cheerfully granted, had not Fr. Du Ranquet that very year, 1849, unexpectedly received an order to leave Walpole for the island of Manitouline.

This new field opened to his zeal, is the largest of the almost countless islands that dot the great lakes of North America, and lies in the northern portion of Lake Huron, running East and West for a distance of nearly 80 miles. The greater portion of it is studded with more than 30 small lakes, while the rest, at the time of which we speak, was covered with immense forests. Near the Eastern extremity of the island, on the shores of Wikewemikong or Castor Bay, a devoted Canadian priest, Rev. Father Proulx, had some years previous planted a large cross, and around it had succeeded in gathering a number of Indian families. The village thus formed he called "Holy Cross," and in it he protected his flock against the pernicious influence of their Protestant neighbors so plentifully assisted by the Government. F. Proulx, however, soon perceived that in spite of all his efforts he would be unable to carry out,

single-handed, the work he had undertaken, and that a religious Order would be more likely to succeed in it. He accordingly offered our Fathers the charge of his little flock at Holy Cross : and in the fall of 1843 Fr. P. Choné was sent with one Brother to relieve the devoted priest.

The importance of this Residence of Holy Cross on Manitouline Island, soon determined the Superiors to despatch some more Fathers to the aid of Fr. Choné. Fr. Joseph Hanipaux* was accordingly sent thither in 1845 ; and about the same time, Fr. D. Du Ranquet, as already mentioned, received word to leave Walpole for this more important centre of action. Still later, Fr. Nicholas Point joined the little community on Manitouline and erected a church there for the poor Indians. Important though this station was, a single residence did not suffice to enable the Missionaries to visit all the Indians, scattered as they were over the country, especially in the neighborhood of Lake Superior : and it was the desire of remedying this that induced Fr. Chazelle to undertake the journey during which he died. After his death Fr. Menet, at the earnest solicitation of Mgr. Baraga, Bishop of the new diocese of Sault Ste. Marie, was sent to assist his Lordship in his noble labors for the conversion of the Indians.

It was at this time the policy of the English Government, to portion off the Indians everywhere into "Reserves" at a distance from the sites which it wished to occupy. Thus, on the Canadian side of the River of Sault Ste. Marie they were forced to leave the shores of the Sault and occupy a Reserve 12 miles further down, near a river which they, through longing regret for their old haunts, called the River of the Desert, but which the whites, as if in derision, named Garden River. Amongst these exiled tribes Fr. Kohler† took up his residence. Finally in 1852, Fr. Du

*This devoted Father died not long ago at Quebec, after 27 years of labor in our Indian Missions. See "Woodstock Letters," vol. i, p. 122.

†This Father perished about 2 years ago in a shipwreck on Lake Huron.

Ranquet once more changed his residence, and set out for the purpose of founding a new house at Fort William, near the northern extremity of Lake Superior. An agency of the Hudson Bay Company established on this spot makes it one of the most important points in that part of the Canadian territory.

These three Residences comprise all our Indian Missions in Upper Canada, or Ontario : each one being a centre for long excursions radiating in all directions whether in Canada itself or in the United States, wherever a few natives happen to be collected. The various tribes scattered about these parts are all of the great Algonquin family ; but it is difficult to estimate their exact number, which probably does not exceed 10,000. Of these only one-third are Catholics, a thousand perhaps, call themselves or allow themselves to be called Protestants ; the rest are infidels.

The question has often been asked what results can be shown to have repaid the devotedness of the missionaries ; but to arrive at a just appreciation of these results, regard must be had both to the character of the Indians and their actual circumstances. As to their character it is almost proverbial ; and modern civilization seems to have stopped short of their wigwams.

Owing to their inferiority of intellect and inconstancy of disposition, this poor race seems capable but of a very limited degree of cultivation ; and hence, they have no prospect of success among the whites, unless the latter, with compassionate charity, take care of them as they would of children. This is what the Catholics of Canada have been doing for a long time back. But where can this spirit of faith and charity be found in the governments of our day ? True, they take some precautionary measures to avoid still greater evils, but the glaring fact still stares them in the face, that wherever the Indians come into habitual contact with the whites, their moral corruption, and, as a necessary consequence, their gradual extinction, is the inevitable

result. Before passing judgment then on the labors of our missionaries, it will be much to the purpose to glance at the results achieved by the English government working under the most favorable conditions possible, and with unlimited resources. To insure the success of its undertaking it began to build for the Indians the village of Manitounang, a few miles west of Holy Cross ; and was overjoyed to find them all eager to avail themselves of the advantages thus offered them. A church and a school were erected ; and their necessary appendages, a minister and a schoolmaster were, no doubt for a *slight* compensation, prevailed on to forego the luxuries of civilized society and devote their lives to the moral and mental enlightenment of the benighted natives. A number of master-craftsmen, and of ordinary laborers in iron and wood were also secured to erect houses for all who wished to abandon their wandering mode of life for more sedentary occupations. Such was the foresight of the Protestant government, that, to provide *with more than ordinary pressure against any sudden return* of the old love for the woods and prairies, each homestead was to be surrounded by a charming little plot of ground enclosed with palings. Here the Indian could once more don his hunting gear and give chase, at least for the space of a few yards, to some unsuspecting squirrel ; or daubed with his war-paint could recline in his rustic arm-chair, under a transplanted tree of the forest, and shoot his poisoned arrows against the painted stakes of his fence. The excess of pressure thus innocently removed, he could pick up his arrows, return in a twinkling to the bosom of civilization ; and having washed off all the war-paint and slept off any remnant of the old forest-feeling—could, the following day, hoe his potatoes as usual with the rest of the warriors. Yes, *hoc* his potatoes, for, to leave no stone unturned for the happy issue of its enterprise, the government had provided abundant implements of husbandry ; and these, together with

various kinds of seeds and grains, fine cattle and young fruit trees, were at the disposal of the Indians, while skilful workmen were hired to instruct the uninitiated.

The only conditions for the enjoyment of these advantages were docility in submitting to the regulations, assistance at the meeting-house once a week, sedate behavior during the minister's sermon and the sending of the children to the school.

As long as the presents lasted and the distribution of provisions, clothing, &c. continued—all was well ; but after a while the government deemed the Indians fully settled down, and sufficiently instructed in the manner of providing for their wants by their own labor, so that it gradually diminished the great expenses thus far incurred in their behalf. Surely it was not exacting too much to ask them to hew their own fire-wood in the adjoining forest ; especially when the means of transport were furnished gratuitously. The government accordingly represented to them the propriety of their so doing. But civilized life had so far sharpened Indian natural shrewdness that the object of all this solicitude hit on a much simpler plan for procuring fuel ; and judging it labor lost to fell trees and cart wood when there was just at hand such an abundance of splendid palings, perfectly dry and all ready for the fire, they showed their predilections by daily multiplying the breaches in their neat little fences. The destruction of the palings was at once followed by a series of representations on the part of government, of reproaches, and of menaces ; it even forced itself into the minister's Sunday sermons ; but to no purpose : it was necessary to treat the Indians as spoiled children, and "pass their imperfections by." When the palings had disappeared and thus reduced the trim gardens to their original prairie-like appearance, the beams inside the houses were attacked, then the flooring, doors and lastly the outside porches. All the dwellings were treated in the same way, and when all vestiges of timber

had vanished from them, the agricultural implements were next seized and broken to bits, to secure the wood work. The domestic animals could not long be kept from the voracity of the Indians, and what with the houses for fuel and the oxen for food, the natives were indebted to the Government for many a hearty meal. A few years later, tired of so many useless efforts, it ceased its frequent distributions and at once the Indians dispersed, quitting the famous village, now composed only of the school, the meeting house, and a few of the government buildings. About this group of dwellings, portions of the chimneys of the former houses of the Indians still stand : an ironical protest against the powerless efforts of all civilization of which the Church is not the author, and the motive power, religion.

Meanwhile, what was passing, a few miles off, at the village of Holy Cross ? The principal resources of the Catholic Missionaries there, were the alms received from the Society for the Propagation of the Faith ; but the grace of God enabled the devoted Fathers, even with such limited means, to succeed in overcoming the natural indolence and carelessness of the Indians. On plans drawn up by the Missionaries, and without the aid of the whites, if we except two or three coadjutor Brothers of the Society, the Indians built a large stone church, and a house for the Fathers, also of stone ; moreover a school for their children, and finally frame houses for themselves along regular streets traced out for them beforehand. All these labors presupposed a great number of others, all which they performed themselves. Thus they had to fell the trees, and hew the timbers for the frame-work, quarry the stones, dig out the lime and prepare the mortar. All that was bought for them were planks for flooring, which it would have been more costly to cut in the woods. The secret of this success lay in the fatherly encouragement given to the Indians, and the judicious payment for their services. Large quantities

of warm clothing, and provisions, such as flour and especially salt meat were purchased, and all the work was paid for in these articles. During all the time these labors lasted, the Indians lived contented, happy and quiet ; and acquired, as far as their nature admits, a habit of working which they have ever since preserved. To encourage them still more, and reward them for their perseverance, the Fathers built them a small water-mill to grind their grain ; but as the island could boast of no river near the village, they could only succeed in forming a very small reservoir. It was however sufficient to grind the produce of each year. In spite of all of these favorable prospects the Missionaries had still their share of anxiety, owing to the total want of foresight on the part of the Indians which seems to be an incorrigible defect of their character. These simple natives had to be continually urged and entreated not to let the time for planting or sowing pass by ; but once the seed began to appear above the ground, the contrary excess had to be guarded against, and no little eloquence was necessary to prevent their reaping before the crops were ripe, or setting off on a hunting or fishing excursion just at harvest time. It was necessary, besides, to conceal the grain to be used as seed the following year, as it is almost impossible for the Indians to resist the temptation of devouring everything within their reach. All these cares, and many others besides, required no doubt on the part of the missionaries great patience and watchfulness ; in a word, great charity with all the qualities enumerated by St. Paul. But in the end, they obtained what seemed impossible, and what really is so, even with unlimited resources for a government unaided by the charity of Jesus Christ. In fact this village of Holy Cross in 1872 contained about 500 souls, twice as many as can be found in any other settlement throughout the whole country, except similar Reserves attended by the Sulpician and Oblate Fathers near Montreal. Moreover the Indians live there peaceably, no police being necessary

to maintain order ; they assist orderly at the religious offices, regularly approach the Sacraments, many very frequently ; while the children assiduously frequent the schools. Pious sodalities have been organized for all—men, women, boys and girls—and to enable each to assemble its members apart, a little chapel has been erected by the Indians themselves without any help from the Missionaries.

The Indian Administration could not see without chagrin the very different results of its own efforts and of the labors of the Fathers ; and to do away with the standing condemnation of its method, resolved with more or less compensation made to the natives, and a more or less forced consent extorted from them to appropriate the whole of the island. But many of the Indians especially those of Holy Cross were opposed to all cession. The same means however that procures *majorities* in more civilized assemblies were employed, not without effect, in the forest council of Manitouline, and the Government triumphed. To appear condescending in its victory, and throw around its proceedings an air of justice, it left to the Indians of Holy Cross the eastern extremity of the Island, in which the village lies. This small portion then about the twelfth part of the entire island, still remains to them—though they cannot be said to possess it, but only to have the use of it, and a very restricted use at that. Under the pretence of preventing the destruction of the forest, they are forbidden to sell to the whites the timber that grows in the neighborhood ; they can only deliver it up to the Indian administration at a fixed price far less than they could obtain elsewhere.

Providence however seems to have wished to punish the cruel rapacity of the administration, as two large conflagrations have, within a few years of each other, all but entirely consumed the forests that still remained in the Reserve ; and even burned in great measure the very soil which is now almost entirely unfit for cultivation. The state of poverty to which the village is thus reduced en-

courages the hope that the government will make no more efforts to deprive the Indians of what remains of their once lordly possessions. Though deprived of the riches once spread over their land, the water still furnished an abundant means of support in the rich fisheries near the Island. But the government hankered after these too ; and having *purchased* the right of possessing the Island, concluded, according to the immemorial law of the lion's share, that the fisheries had been surrendered with the land.

A number of speculators of Upper Canada had for a long time coveted these sources of wealth, and accordingly bought them of the administration. Great was the indignation of the Indians, when they learned this new invasion of their rights, of which there had not been the slightest question in the pretended contract for the cession of their Island. They therefore resolved to oppose this usurpation, and, in fact, when the whites came to fish at these ancient fisheries, the natives drove them away, and for the time being, had the advantage by reason of their number. This incident, which the administration, accustomed to the usual inert docility of the Indians, did not expect, was nevertheless heard of with pleasure. There was at length legal matter to justify the application of force and to put down, by a great stroke of authority, all further resistance to the *civilizing* efforts of the Government. An act of rebellion had been consummated, and the Missionaries, whom the entire village obeyed, had no doubt been the instigators of the revolt. A warrant of arrest was at once issued against the Indians accused of the act of violence, and against the Superior of the Missionaries ; while the person to whom the fisheries had been sold was himself endowed with the necessary authority, and, accompanied by a sufficient number of men, embarked for the village of Holy Cross. On landing he went straight to the home of the Missionaries, and summoned the Father, whose name was on his warrant, to follow him on board his boat. Now the accusation had

so little foundation, and the warrant had been so hurriedly issued, that the Father accused by name was actually absent from the Island ; having left for a tour throughout the Mission, before the breaking out of the troubles in question. The man with the warrant was not prepared for this, and feigned at first to disbelieve the absence of the Father ; but as it was a fact too easily proved, he bethought himself of a way out of his difficulties. "No matter about the name," said he to Fr. Choné who received him, "if it was you who were in the Island during the rebellion, it is you who are its author, you must follow me." As there was no order of arrest against *him*, Fr. Choné positively refused to obey.

While these things were taking place, the Indians of the village, suspecting what was toward, had surrounded the house and penetrated into the room where the scene was passing. The discussion was growing warm : the man of the warrant fearing to fail in his attempt, if he did not bring it to an end at once, produced irons to fetter the Father's hands, when a shout of indignation burst from all parts of the room. The man drew a revolver, and threatened to kill whoever should attempt to oppose the execution of his orders. An Indian thrust himself before the pistol, and baring his bosom : "Kill me if you wish," said he, "but woe to you if you dare." It was a critical moment : the Father wishing to prevent, at any price, the shedding of blood, ordered the Indians to withdraw and said to the man, that, though protesting against the injustice and illegality of the proceeding, still he would follow him. The Indians obeyed the Father, and the latter departed at once with the man and his followers, who steered straight for Sault Ste. Marie, where the court was sitting which was to try the authors of the rebellion. Sault Ste. Marie is about 150 miles from the village of Holy Cross ; and was reached only the next day, when the Father and his accusers appeared before the court. The arrest being so evidently illegal, and so complete the absence of proof regarding any offence on the

part of the Father, he was immediately acquitted, and the man of the warrant reprimanded by the court, for having exceeded his powers. Covered with confusion and full of rage, he reëmbarked, and, the following night, when the boat was in the middle of the lake, disappeared. He had been seen on deck the evening before, silently pacing to and fro with a gloomy air that bespoke some dark intention. Every one understood that despair had caused him to throw himself into the lake. Some weeks later, after much search, the remains of his dead body were found.

Such was the end of this *appeal to the law* ; the punishment of the guilty one being so striking, no further measures were taken to punish the rebellion of the Fathers. Force however was used to prevent the Indians from troubling for the future the whites in the working of the fisheries ; and after the first excitement was over, the Indians with their natural apathy and the consciousness of their inferiority, resigned themselves to endure what they could not prevent ; thus the village was quiet again for a time.

Somewhat later an attempt was made by the Indians of Holy Cross to avail themselves of the right secured to them by an early treaty with the English to govern themselves, at least in the interior of the Reserve ; but the only reply of the Government was the throwing into prison of the foremost among the agitators. Fr. Choné himself, with the ancient treaty in his hand, went to plead the cause of his poor Indians before the Government in Canada, but he was not even listened to ; some independent journals published his appeal, but no more attention was paid to it, and the entire spoliation of the Indians was an accomplished fact.

Manitouline, the Island of the Great Spirit, has thus lost the character it once had as the last stronghold of Indian nationality ; but the village of Holy Cross still possesses in the eyes of the Indians a great prestige as centre of the Religion of the Great Spirit. At Corpus Christi, the pro-

cession in the village, and the ceremonies performed with all possible solemnity, attract the Indians from great distances, so that an unusual number of boats and canoes, for several days together, cover the bay with life. The concourse, however, is less now than formerly, owing to the greater poverty of the Indians, and the disappearance, through the want of products for barter, of the fair that used to be held on occasion of this feast.

If all the Catholic Indians were able and willing to assemble at Holy Cross, their religious instruction would be more easy and complete ; but deriving their principal means of subsistence from hunting and fishing, from maple sugar and wild fruits, they are unable to live together in great numbers ; especially now when the resources are as rapidly diminishing as the whites are advancing. The great number collected at Holy Cross is therefore an exception ; and besides the Catholics of this village, about an equal number are scattered throughout that part of the Mission intrusted to the Fathers of Holy Cross. For this reason, while one of the Fathers stays at the village, the other, or the others, if there are several, are obliged to scour the country, summer and winter, across forests and lakes, in search of their flock. In summer, the Missionary sets out in a little bark canoe, light enough to be carried from one river to another, or to be taken from the water where rapids prevent navigation. But in winter, he has to travel on large snow-shoes, and to draw after him his baggage on a little sleigh. At all seasons, he is obliged to pass the night in the open air, and for this reason, usually carries a buffalo robe to shelter himself against the storms in summer or the cold in winter. Besides this, he needs also a little chapel to say Mass, vestments and books, etc. For the transportation of these objects, one or two Indians usually accompany the Father on his journeys. Arrived at a station of Indians, our Missionary at once sets to work. He begins by reciting, and making them repeat the principal articles

of the Christian doctrine ; he then administers the Sacraments, according to their needs, and sees that all fulfil their duty of yearly communion. This done, he sets out for the next station, distant generally several days' journey ; and thus a tour is made, lasting one, two or even three months.

During the fine season, which lasts three, or, at most, four months, some Protestant ministers, mostly Methodists, traverse the country, collecting about them some of the Indians, and not being exacting as to the conditions necessary for the admission of neophytes, usually publish, on their return to the cities of Canada, an account of the astonishing fruits of salvation they have produced ; of the thousands of Indians who have escaped the toils of the Arch Enemy, and the thousands of others, who ask only to hear the good tidings in order to throw themselves on the Lord. A few years of such extensive conversions, would, one would think, leave no more work for the Bible Societies, and yet, strange to say, year after year, new thousands are converted in the official reports and still a few thousands always remain to throw themselves on the Lord the following year—for these, of course, generous contributions are of absolute necessity. Besides these *fine weather missionaries*, there are at the Island of Manitouline, at Bruce Mines, and at Garden River, near Sault Ste. Marie, stationary Protestant ministers, who have a certain number of Indians settled around them ; but the number of Protestant Indians is very limited ; as the natives that have no fixed abode but wander over the country, are all either Catholics or infidels.

We have spoken almost entirely of the Residence of Holy Cross at Manitouline, because it is the most important of the three ; but the same account may be substantially applied to the other two, except that circumstances in these latter are less favorable for the preservation of the Faith and of purity of morals among the Indians, owing to more frequent intercourse with the whites than exists at Holy Cross.

In the part of the Mission, north of Lake Superior, visited by the Fathers residing at Fort William, there has been for many years past not even the shadow of a Protestant preacher, the country being too wild, and the journey thither too painful. As the Indians are occupied almost entirely in hunting for furs, to be sold to the agents of the Hudson Bay Company, they are almost constantly dispersed in the forests, and can thus be but rarely visited by the Missionary. This is a great drawback, as deprived of the religious instruction, and the immediate society of the Missionary, it is with great difficulty they can preserve themselves from evil.

Such being the actual condition of our Missions of Upper Canada, it may be asked : what is to become of them ? and should we still continue the labors and sacrifices necessary for their existence ?

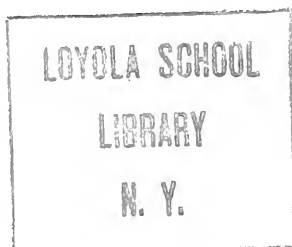
To the first question, it may be answered that, in all probability, the Indians will remain for quite a while longer, in their present condition, as the greatest portion of their country is unfit for cultivation ; and it will only be in case rich metal mines are discovered, that a large population of whites will resort thither. The advent of the whites would be sure to drive the Indians further northward ; but even then, the positions occupied by the Catholic Missionaries would be very useful for them to act upon the whites themselves ; and besides, it would be necessary to follow the Indians into their exile ; a fact which would require a still greater number of Missionaries.

As to the second question, it must be confessed, it is not unusual to met with very good people who own themselves wearied at seeing the Indians profit so little by all the efforts made for their improvement. Is it not time at length for these extraordinary cares to cease ? Now that the whites have penetrated so far in every direction, if the Indians have good will, what prevents them from profiting by the advantages of civilization within their reach ? And if

they do not wish to do so, have they any right to expect these extraordinary succors ? "In reply to these queries, I can but repeat," says the Superior of our Mission, referred to in the beginning, "the answer I received from one of these Indians on this very subject. At a visit, I had occasion to make, some years ago, to Holy Cross, Manitouline, the chiefs were assembled at the house of the Missionaries to bid me good-bye. I addressed them a few words, to move them to gratitude towards the Fathers, who were, amid so many sacrifices, devoting themselves to their welfare ; and at the same time, to urge them to greater efforts to place themselves on a level with the whites, in order at length to get on by themselves. They listened with deep attention to my address, which one of the Fathers interpreted for them, *sentence by sentence* ; and when I had finished, one of the chiefs, rising with the approbation of the others, replied in their name : he declared how much he and his companions were convinced of what I had said, and of the advantage they would derive from their emulation of the industry and arts of the whites. 'But, Father,' said he, in conclusion—'there is one thing you have forgotten to take into consideration : that we may be capable of the improvement which you recommend to us, you must find a means to change our Indian skin into the skin of the whites ; for as long as we remain with the skin in which we were born, we will not be able to acquire more talents and intelligence than the great Spirit has thought proper to allow us. Should you not, then, have compassion on our weakness, and continue to supply us, as your own children, with that aid, without which we will never be able to succeed !'

"Such was the really wise conclusion of this Indian, and I had nothing to reply, but that we would continue our assistance as long as possible. In fact, if it be true, as Our Lord tells us, that no one, with all his efforts, can add one inch to the height of his body, it is not less true that our intelligence also has its limits, different, not only in each in-

dividual, but also in each race, as the history of all ages clearly proves ; limits which God has with infinite wisdom and goodness fixed in the designs of His Providence, for the greater good of each one. And if we consider what use civilized nations, above all, those of our day, make, for the glory of God and the salvation of their souls, of that elevated degree of intelligence, with which they have been enriched by Divine Providence, we will easily perceive that they have no right to reproach the Indians with their negligence in this respect, and that they should rather apply to themselves the words of our Divine Saviour : "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."



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